VISIT…

LANZAROTE
Caliente.com

BA3

'Now ask yourself,
Are you a winner or
A loser?'

Politikal...

Welcome back to another issue of Bomb Alert. It was thought that it could never be done, but you know how that goes!

London has a strong graf scene and it's important to represent it properly. That should mean focusing on the subject matter and avoiding falling into the trap of becoming yet another weightless magazine for trendies. It seems that some of these "urban" magazines dilute graf by placing it in a false or irrelevant context - most writers don't see it as an element of hip-hop or as being in any relation to, say, skateboarding. Those magazines market graf in that way because they want to be "hip" and to appeal to a broad cross-section of the population in order to get good advertising rates. However, in doing so they will never reflect the scene accurately and let's face it, that's bullshit! When making a magazine it's hard to please everyone, but that's alright because we're not trying to. We just want to reflect the energy, much of which is positive, in the London graf scene right now.

Anyway, before we get down to business, the editor would just like to extend a big hello to the following people...

Lil' Begz the untouchable - you're a true RAT and always have been. This is your fault! Yo Nick, bless them with the new album and then we might as well retire - game's over. Skeaps, Social Faux Pas CEO... Happy Birthday money! Where's Shy Coconut at black? School of FUEL for only the privileged few. My boy Ron "on road blad". Jay don't stop the soft rock! Special thanks to K-Dog, Liz, Big Punisher, Jermaine, Jon. Big up the Demon boys. Thank you Sam for all the support. Lucifer, Avirex George, Malcolm, Geezah, Padstero, Pugs & the Bifter crew, Jess, Paddy, Zips, Fred, Phil, Benny B, Moose, Harriet, Gervaise@Scandalbag, Mike@la, Lumaz & The Anarchist Flying Circus, Nikky T, Hannah aka H-Bomb, Sarah, Danny 500SL, original homeboy Howard, Devize, Jésus, Lucy, P. Murder, Anthony, Tig, Baccus - you smashed it! MACD. Lewis Parker, DJ LG, YNR, DMX. Quorn, Jamie@Pistache, Shaun@OUI. KayRate in Japan, Axel holding Paris down, yo Turn, Osta, Cronik, Rolex, Trane. Big up Roger, Rew, Overkill. Get Up Magazine. Sweet Lucia & angry Biter, Thom, Kilos, Garage Magazine. Many thanks to Whel, my man Tier and his merry band of Swedish football hooligans.

Most importantly I would like to thank all the people who helped us out by giving us flicks and showing us love over the years, without whom none of this would be possible.

All fallen soldiers rest in peace. Anyone I forgot...

Player haters ride backseat or piggy-back like whoa! Jealousy will get you punks nowhere.

So here it is, three the hard way. Let's drop it...

Biggy.

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BOMB ALERT
Issue #3 / Winter 2005
"Orange Alert"

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Design: Bigfoot

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Front cover photograph
courtesy of F. Castle

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Back issues of Bomb Alert
available to buy at 4Star-
General, Camden, London.

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Published in Spain.

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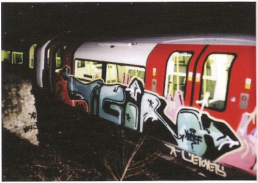
Tubes

Orange alert



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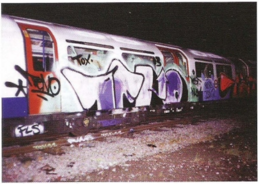

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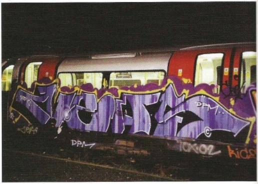

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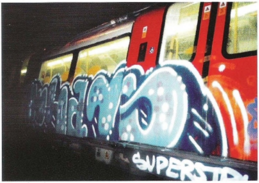

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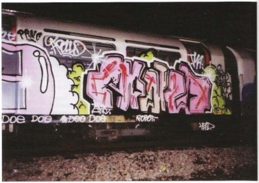
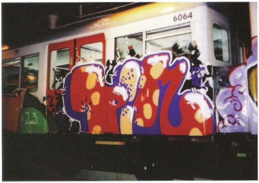


Apollo (TOY)



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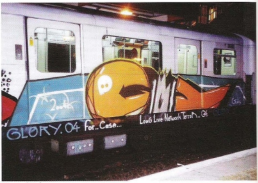
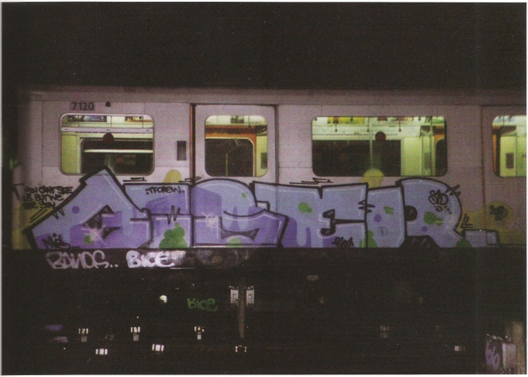

GLORY.04 For..Case..
Long Live Network Terror...

Glory (NT)



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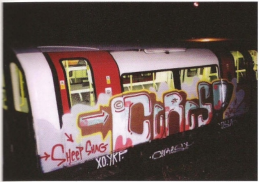

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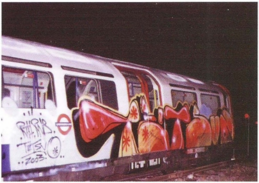

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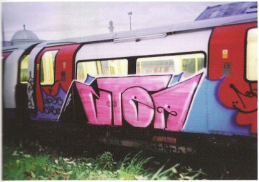

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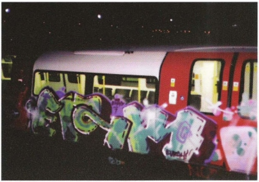

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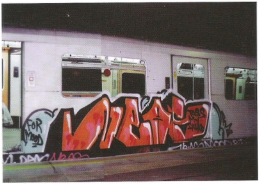
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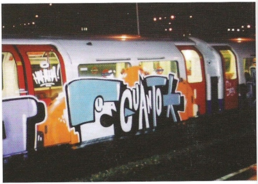
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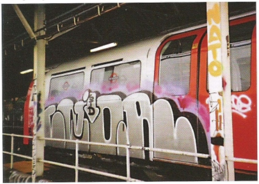
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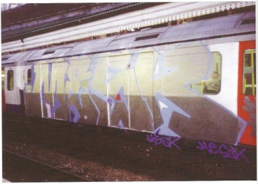
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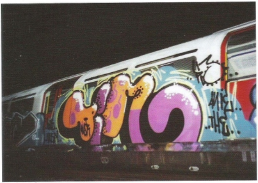
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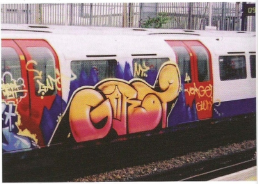
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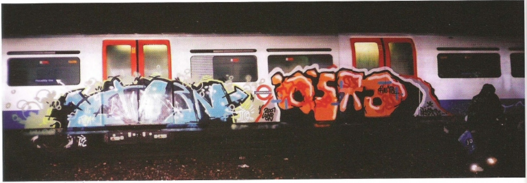
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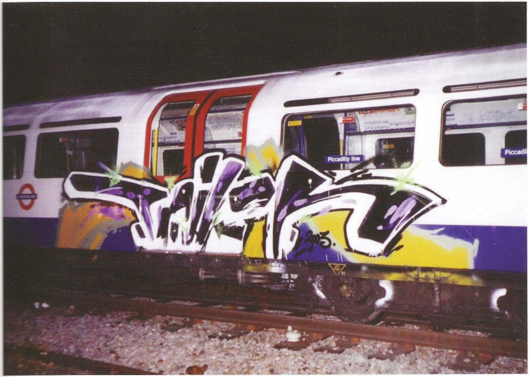
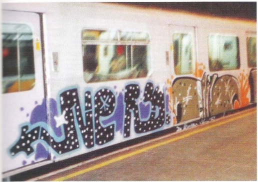
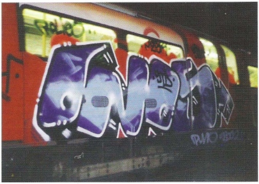

Piccadilly line
Piccadi
2003.

Tailor (RTH)



Nerd (TOY STD) Hil (TOY VS)



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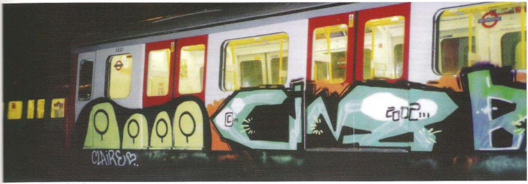
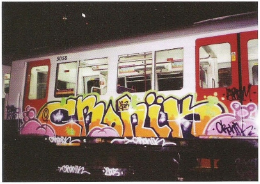
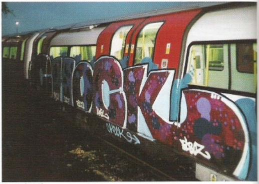

CLAIRE
2002

Dodo (LDS) Vino (TSK)


Cronik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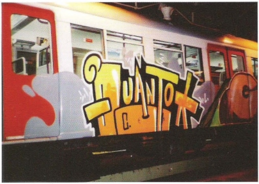
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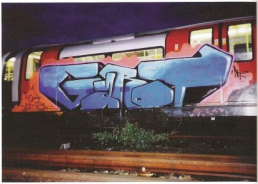
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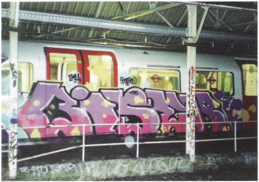
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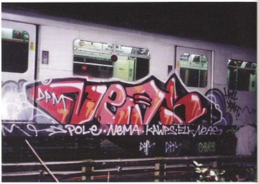
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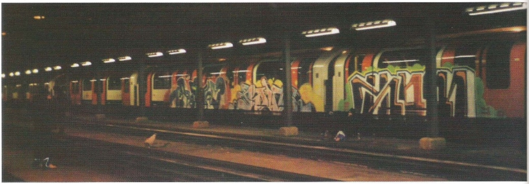
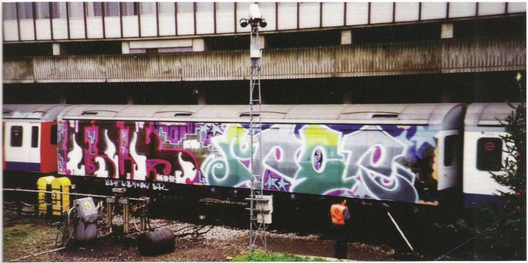
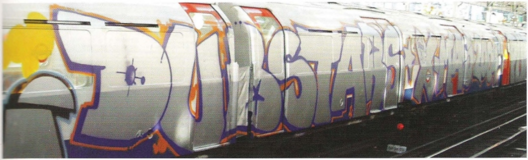
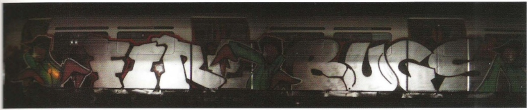

Spanish dudes


Elk (PFB AOK WD) Spor by Fuel


Dubstars (DDS) - part of a wholetube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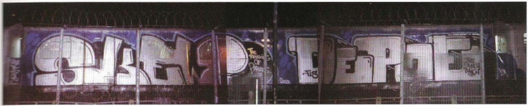
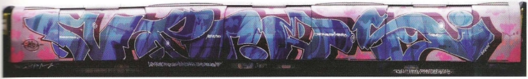

Skew (TPG VIMOAS) Depoe (TCB)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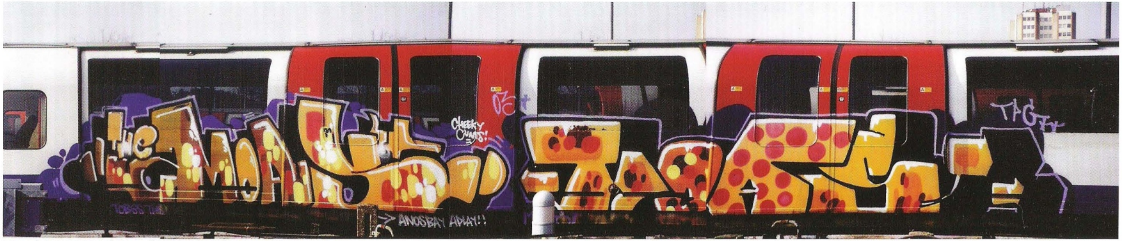
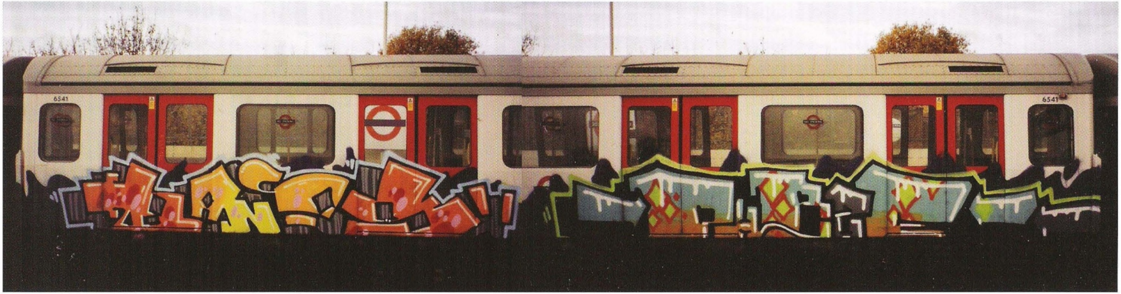
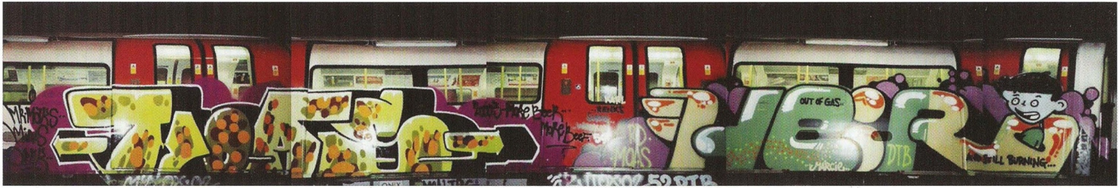

CHEEKY CUNTS!
ANOSBAY ADIAY!!
TPG

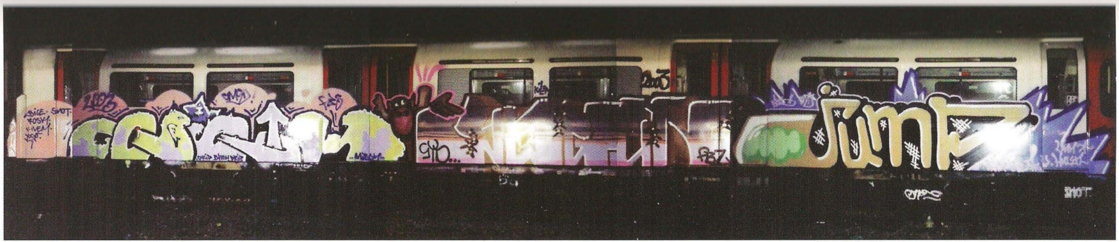
Moas (TPG VIMOAS) Moas (TPG VIMOAS)



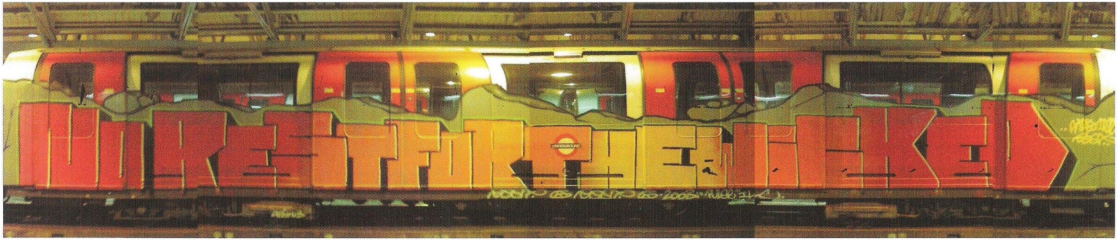
Banos (TPG VIMOAS) Pubee (TPG)


OUT OF GAS
DTB
DTB
AND STILL BURNING...

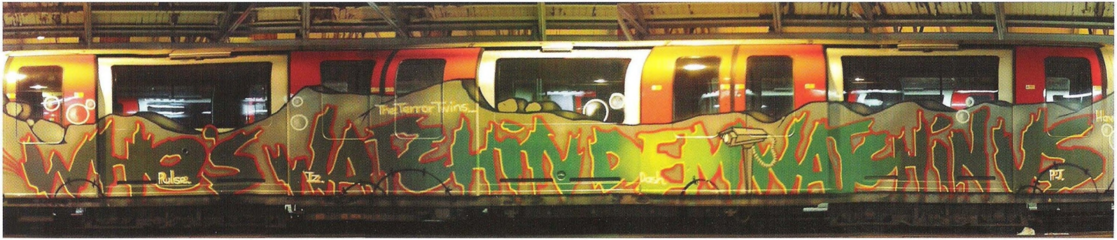
Moas (TPG VIMOAS) Heir (TPG VIMOAS)



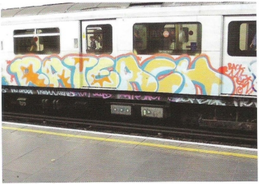
Silk (STD) Yogut (STD) Jump (YRP)



No rest for the wicked - Rest (ATG)


The Terror Twins
Pulse
Tz.
Dash
PJ.

Who's watching dem watching us - Pulse (ILC)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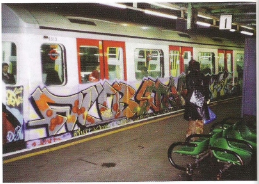
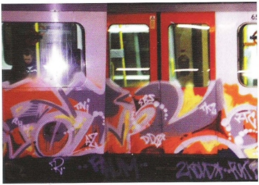
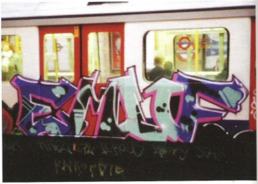

Dubstars (DDS)


72 (DDS RAT)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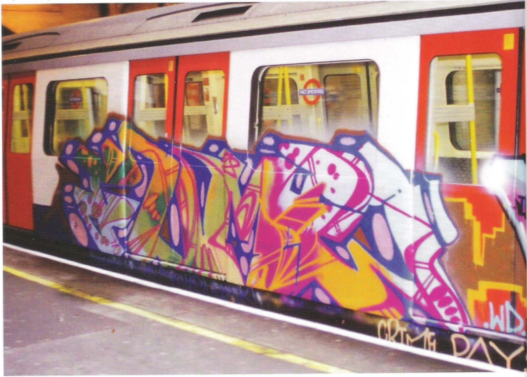
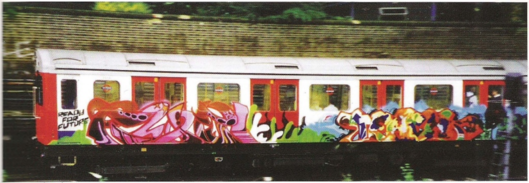
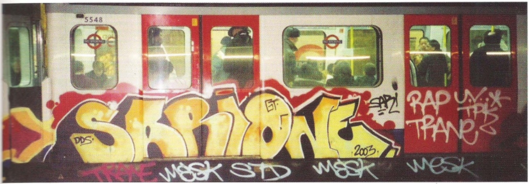
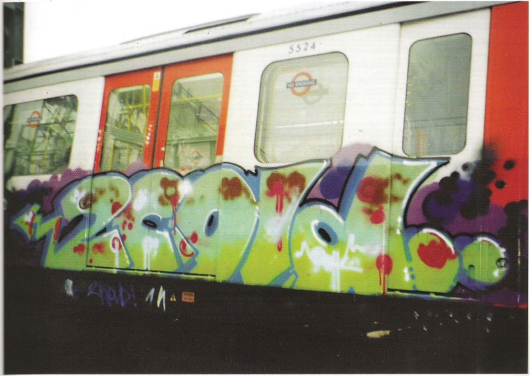

NO SMOKING
WD
CRIME PAY
Soldier (DDS)


READY FOR FUTURE

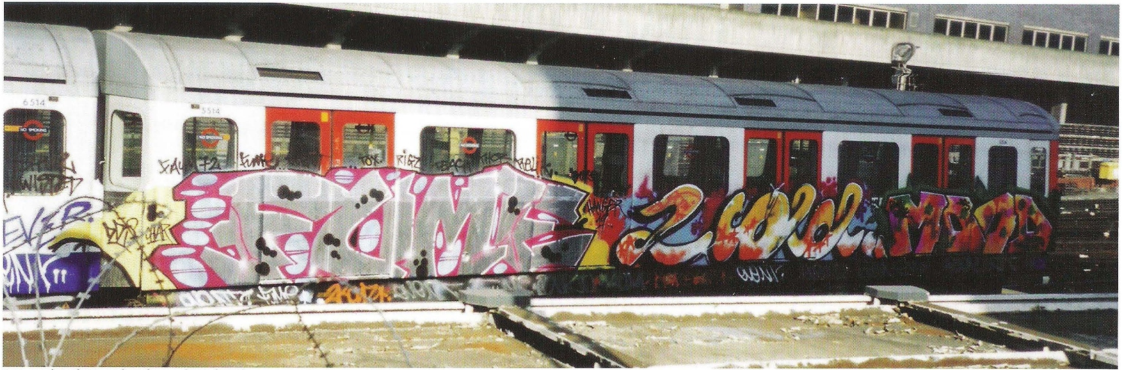
Fuel Teach (DDS)


5548
DDS
GT
SARI
2003
RAP
TRANE
MESK
STD
MESK
MESK

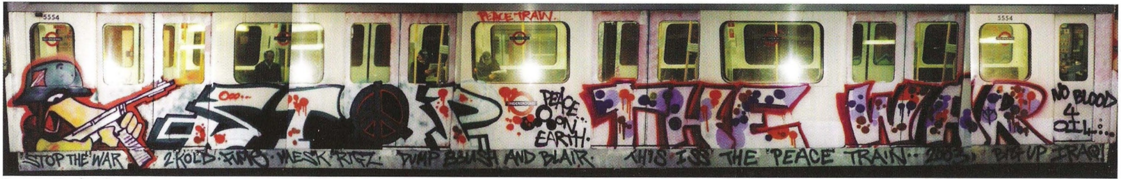
Sari (DDS GT)



2Cold (DDS)

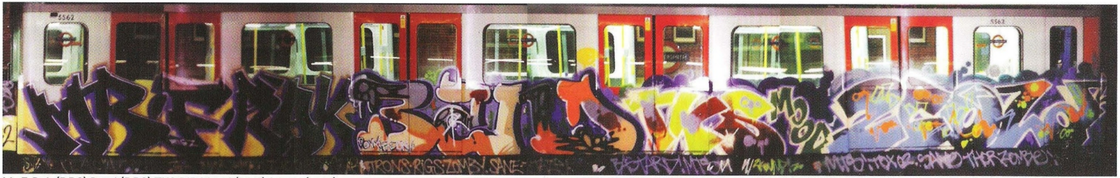


Dubstar (DDS) 2Cold (DDS) Mood R.I.P (DDS)

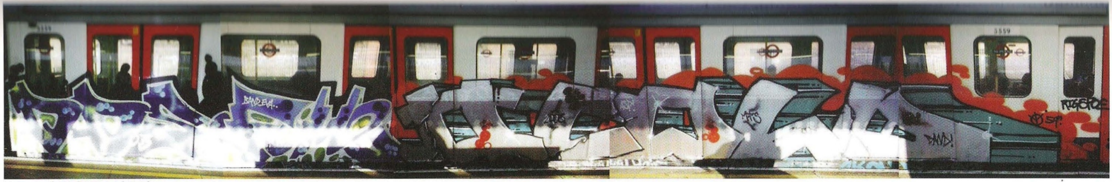


PEACE TRAIN
STOP THE WAR
PEACE ON EARTH
NO BLOOD 4 OIL
STOP THE WAR
2KOLD · FUMS · MESK · RIGZ
DUMP BUSH AND BLAIR
THIS IS THE PEACE TRAIN 2003
BIG UP IRAQ

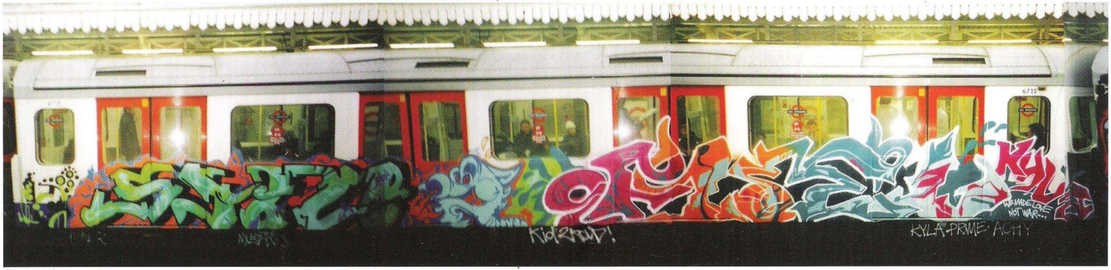
Stop the War (DDS)



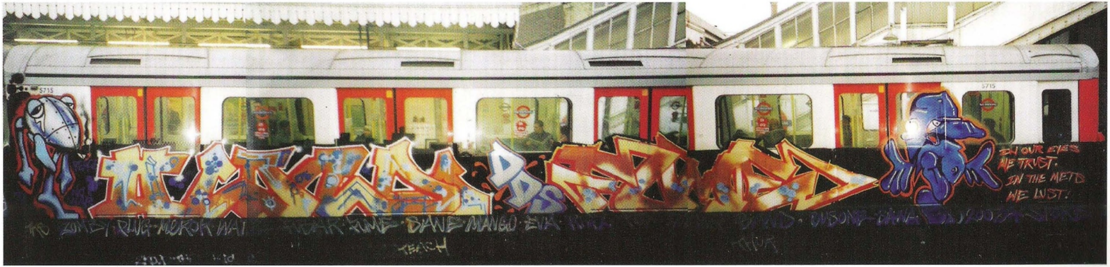
Mr F-Rok (DDS) Band (DDS) TKS RIP Mood (DDS) 2Cold (DDS)



Dubstar (DDS) 2Cold (DDS)


WE MADE LOVE NOT WAR...
KYLA·PRIME·ACHY

Shu (DDS) Fuel - first carriage


DDS
IN OUR EYES WE TRUST.
IN THE METS WE LUST!

2Cold (DDS) Soldier (DDS) - second carriage

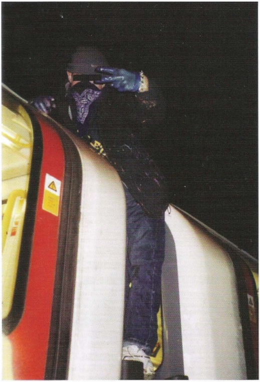
BA3

ASBO Awards

Underground finalists

TOX·08

District lin



rain
mar

SWUN* RD SWUN * DT

Bakerloo line

2Kold

Brings it

In the second issue of Bomb Alert we had the pleasure of interviewing several members of the most notorious and prolific crew London has ever seen: DDS. This time around we managed to meet up with one of its most prominent members who has been active during some of the most exciting times in London's underground graffiti scene. His name is 2KOLD.

How many years have you been involved with graffiti?
I was into graf before I started actually writing. When we were seven or eight we were all into breakdancing. I knew about graf but I never did anything. I didn't start painting until I was about 15, so I have been involved properly for about 12 years.

So when was the first time you actually saw graffiti?
My middle school backed on to tracks; my first memory was seeing a BR run pass with a burner and character on it.

Who or what made you actually start doing graf?
My mate ODISIE. We use to skateboard together and then he started writing. He was the one who got me into it. We started off doing things like dubs on garages, dubs in my school, all that kind of shit.
When I started going to college, I met TUBZ and THOR who were in MTS. Once I met them, I got into proper graf. By that time I had already been writing for about a year, but not really got anywhere with it. In 1993 I did my first train in Morden. That's when I count it from, 1993 when I done my first train yard.

Your name, how did you come up with it?
I came up with 2KOLD because everyone at the time was using words like "oh that's too cold, look what he done to you, that's dark" and generally using it to describe things that were bad or dark, so I thought boom there you go, that was when the name 2KOLD was born! But also in a funny way, I was bored with writing my old name, bored of the letters and I thought I got the right to write something that means "I am heavy now", you know what I mean? In the old days, a lot of tags had a meanings like "superkool", it was like an extension of the ego. People lost that shit now, a lot of people don't think like that.

Do you feel 2KOLD is an extension of your ego?
I wouldn't have written it before, but I feel like I have got to a level with my graf where I can say I'm good at it now.

So what were your early influences, style wise?
In the early days I was influenced by people like FUME, AGRO, TEACH to a certain extent - that whole MTS Style.

When did MTS start?
MTS started around the same time as DDS in the early 90's. It was a West crew. GRAND 37 gave the name to SANE and he started it. The MTS style was simple letters, simple fills. But because a lot of MTS members were in DDS, eventually the crews merged, especially when a lot of the original MTS lot stopped writing. MTS is still going, a few people put it up; I still put it up.

What about a mentor? Did you have one?
Yeah, FUME schooled me on yards; schooled me on clocking a yard, cutting fences, what to look out for, which yards to do. All that was FUME. He was my main partner in crime. That whole time was a mad time because for me it was basically all focused around TEACH and his house. From that house so much graf got done it was unbelievable. It was fucking sick. That's where TAKE and COS got schooled, I remember when ZONK was a young kid and he used to come around TEACH'S house before he was a writer and we used to blaze fat zoots and get ready for yards.
But I think that whole train mentality was because mans like SHU and the older heads were influencing FUME and TEACH, wanting to carry on doing trains even after they put the fences up in the early 90's. It was like the new train movement but with old heads who didn't want to stop just because it got a bit harder.
So basically it was like a die hard attitude: I remember the one thing that FUME said to me "You don't start writing to stop, you will always be a writer, otherwise don't bother". That's the one thing I remember FUME saying and it has always stuck in my head.

So from what you say, it sounded like TEACH's house was a school turning out a lot of future bombers of London.
It was like a youth club, not even a school. We all used to turn up there, anytime of night. 5:00am in the morning

whatever time of day it was, TEACH's house was somewhere you could go. It was a cotch. That house was responsible for more graf than any other premises in London.

He had a yard around the back of his house, so we used to have a shortcut, down the stairs, up a lamp post, through an alley and boom you're there, so we didn't even have to go on street because the local police all knew us. That yard got smashed regularly, on Christmas it always got demolished! It was like a 48 hour session, with different groups of people arriving and leaving through Christmas day. In 1997, when SARI was over, we had shifts going in and out of that place.

Was that the main yard you lot did?

No, we went all over - a lot of stuff happened in G, but I missed out on some of those missions.

When I first started hanging around with MTS, I wasn't accepted by everyone in the crew straight away, so I wasn't being taken to certain yards cos they were strictly no toys allowed. So when I wasn't out with them, I used to paint my local plots - did a few trains with SEL TSM. He used to smash South Harrow when the Pics used to lay up. We did all the West London yards together a few times.

So when you say you weren't accepted straight away and taken to certain places, was that part of the crew hierachy? You were a new comer and had to gain their respect?

Yeah definitely. There was always an element of that and to me that's important, that's how you learn shit and earn your place. It's not like now, where everyone goes yard and paints together even when you are a toy. I had to check the yard out 'nuff times and go in there usually with FUME to have a look. FUME was known for being "the fence cutter".

After a year or two, TAKE and COS came on the scene and when they come on, I was a bit older than them so it was like they replaced where I was and I "moved up". Sometimes I couldn't go on a mission because there was no space in the car or we were too fucked.

In TEACH's house there was a green couch, everyone knew about the green couch mate, its famous...

So many people sweated it out on the couch, even when he was out painting.

How much damage was getting done around 93-95?

A lot was getting done, but it was getting done by a handful of writers. It was mainly us, some of the older lot - FUEL and that. I remember GOBS, PUZLA and ALIEN: bombers from North London. But we had the yards to ourselves. We went everywhere and had wholecars, end-to-ends and panels running. G was the special yard though, that place has a lot of history and so many stories connected to it, like it was the place where that HONKY top-to-bottom was done. South Harrow got hurt: it was a summertime yard, we went in the day and spent hours in there. This was until LU hid a camera in the end light and we all got nicked after. A lot of MTS got caught and charged for that.

Was that your first brush with BTP?

My first major contact with BTP was when I got pulled at Barons Court station by one of them. He knew I looked worried about something and he was like "You alright son? You got anything on you that you shouldn't have?". As it was the first time I was getting grilled by police, I didn't know how to really lie! He searched me and found my pen, and a scratcher. He let me go and I thought that would be the last of it. Two weeks later, 7:00am in the morning there's a buzz on my door. My dad opened the door and there was two PCs looking to raid my house.

What in your opinion was the best era for graffiti in London?

For painting trains, I guess the late 80's and early 90's. But the best time since I have been painting was from 2000 to 2003, because we smashed it. We had the whole system killed with insides, bombing, wholecars and LU just kept running them. At the time LU was handing management over to PPP so they really

RIOT TSB
TOX03

didn't give a shit about graf on trains. That's why all that shit happened, it also coincided with all the new writers getting onto it. People like TOX. So because of the increased numbers LU couldn't cope! But by the end of 2003 they got their act together and buffed everything. I had never seen anything like it. When I first painted trains, they used to run them in the morning and then it would head straight to the buff, so the whole system looked clean.

Do you still rack paint?

I stopped racking mostly in 2002 because by then we started buying paint from some fella! From that point, my graf has got much better.

Now that most people buy paint and there is paint made for writers, do you think that Graf has lost something fundamental to its culture, lost an edge? Or is it pure evolution?

Yeah definitely, an element has gone from graf now, that's how I learnt my geography of London! I used to go racking with TUBZ - he took me to mad tucked away places for Auto Ks in South-East London. We use to keep our racking plots secret, that was almost as important as yards. You kept your plots for Beltons and Auto Ks to yourself, plots were held down. You had to know who was in the B&Q the week before otherwise you were getting spun. I remember racking with SPOE was like a competition, it was always "Who's gonna rack the most, who's gonna get that Red Japlac". Racking is like a little map learning excercise!

Did you find it was almost like a bonding experience, meeting people and going racking with them?

Definitely! I linked all sorts of people, just to rack. There was a stage I went racking with BLINK out to bumpkin sides, we were taking liberties and kept going back into the shops to get every last can out of there. Racking is or was a whole part of the graf culture.

What does riding the lines mean to you?

Basically, if you are not on the lines then you don't have that connection. It's like you can sit at home, get in a car, drive to a yard and do a train, but then so what? What do you know about what's really going on? Where's the connection: you ain't a true writer. Even though we are in a dead time now in London, I'm still out there, I still know who's been about from bombing, scratchings. There's a new generation of writers who just drive to yards and that's all they do; no bombing, no insides. Riding the line is the juice, if you're a train writer, it's the essence. Then there's also the nightbuses...

6591
ZKOUDIZM

How much travelling abroad you done? What's your view on Graf abroad?

The crew went to a European country once, but we never got to paint. Some of them had been there before and ran into some trouble with the 5-0 out there. On the first day we smashed raking the food and drink. Second day we visited a big central art shop in the city and the Buntz got rinsed, Me and L**** ended up in their stock room and was helping ourselves, going on proper bait.

We then ended up going to a bumpkin DIY shop, the paint they had in there was like Beltons. We filled up a shopping trolley full of paint, took it out to the garden centre and dumped it into a bin next to the fence. We came back later that night and cut the fence and took the paint. But on the way back home we got pulled by police. They knew we had raised the paint, but just couldn't work out how we done it, so they confiscated it, took our passports and also the address of the guy we were staying with.

We didn't think they were that thorough, but the whole of the next day they had us under surveillance, but we didn't know so we just carried on with our business. That night, all we were thinking was yards. It was all "Yeah wholecars tonight... How we gonna get to yard tonight? Yeah, lets go and nick some bikes!". Literally went out the flat, round the corner and started ripping the bikes off the railings outside. We took five bikes back to the house, started breaking them down, throwing off mudguards, spraying them - it was mad. The whole flat was full of fucking bikes. Once outside we started to cycle. I was in front, we were 10 yards round the corner and then sccreetch! All you could see was rad cars pulling up everywhere and "Halt! Halt!". I see someone get tackled behind, I see next man coming after me. I thought "Shit I'm off!" - I was pedalling hard to get away, but the bike was in low gear so I was straining and not getting anywhere. I got rugby tackled off the bike: as soon as I hit the ground I was cuffed straight away; it was the fasteset cuffing I have had in my life! Next thing I know I am in the rad car, everyone was nicked. That was our night over!

So what happened next?

We went to the police station and started causing mayhem there. They were trying to take our statements and we just kept changing our stories. We were taking liberties but they took us to the central jailhouse and slung us in cells sharing with all mad crims and border jumpers. Four of us were together and the other one, because he was 21, was put in an adult cell. We were held there for four days with one sandwich a day. They brought us this nasty tasting coffee with bromine that made you feel ill. We were starving, plus we were getting interviewed everyday. The screws called us the "London Posse". Everyday we took turns to squash up high against the cell window, shouting out the window. The cells were all overlooking the court yard so we took it turn everyday to gun them and

anyone else we could see. Every time a female officer went past, we would all shout "Blazen" - which means "Shiners" in German; just being cunts. After four days we were transferred to a proper prison, in a proper prison bus too. By this time I was starting to frob, thinking "shit, how long are they going to keep us?". They didn't tell us how long we were in for. Altogether they kept us for eight days, but in the end only three of us were let out: they kept the other two inside for three weeks longer. I felt bad leaving them behind, but they could look after themselves in there - it wasn't bad really. In the end they weren't allowed out until they paid for a lawyer to go court to get them released. They weren't even charged in the end.

That's harsh! What are your thoughts on the London train scene right now? Do you think the recent £500 to grass a writer campaign has worked?

Right now, the underground's sort of dead, shit's terrible. The whole thing about not running underground trains is killing it. The increased security is also having an effect. Like I said, before they used to run the train first thing in the morning and then take it out of service. LU have now gone that step further by running it straight to the buff. It's a nail in the coffin, but it will calm down again... The only good thing to come out of the clampdown is that it has put a lot of the fly-by-night toys off and they have stopped writing. Also, there was too many dickheads showing no respect to the yards and other writers by doing as much shit as they can out of one yard and hotting it up for everyone.

> 'If I was to stop doing graf now, it would be like someone ripped my heart out'

So do you think you your attitude to graf has mellowed as you have got older?

No, in fact it has intensified. We have become more organised in the way we go and paint yard - its more of a millitary excercise. Also, now its more serious because we are older, the consequences greater. I take it more seriously and make all the missions count because chances to paint tubes are getting less and less. I mean back in the day we always used to sit in the train first and burn a zoot before painting it. I don't want graf to head that way [more security] but I think it will out of necessity. In the end its about money for LU. If they get the funding, they will fight graf, but if they don't they won't be able to afford the security or the buffing and then shit will happen. One thing will lead to another: once you see your train running, your insides running, its like a magic potion. It will start to spread and multiply.

So you see yourself around in 10 years time?

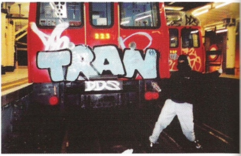
Yeah, I can't really give up graf, its not like an option. Once you come a certain distance with something, you have to love it, it's given me so much in like I've learnt how to be an artist, the experiences I've had, people I met... It's all kinda gone into one now; fused into my personality, shaped my character. If I was to stop doing graf now, it would be like someone ripped my heart out, I wouldn't be the same person, I wouldn't feel the same. I still feel intense about graffiti but just a bit more controlled with it now.

What are your plans for 2005?

Make some money, so that I can bring out some T-shirts, take it to another level really.

Any last words?

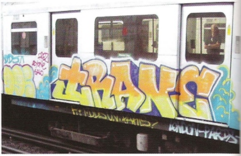
Keep your house clean, do as much as you can while you are young and remember graf is art that the system is trying to destroy. They can't make money out of us and it's another symbol of people saying "We're not having it, we ain't an advertsing company but we're doing what we want to do so fuck you". In years to come, people will look back at graf whether its still around or not and ask how they could have persecuted people for painting colourful art on a train?! You know what I mean? Its makes me sick how they can put advertising all over the place in your face, I mean we don't ask for this advertising on our faces. There is nothing scary about a full colour wholecar is there: it's a beautiful thing. I mean bombing is messy, but graf has a natural order of things. The bombing will eventually change to a piece if you leave it, people will naturally want to make it nice. They keep wanting to crush it but it keeps jumping out from under their hands. I mean look how long this youth culture has been going? It's being going on for nearly 40 years and it's still strong. It's bigger than the Hippies. It's the biggest youth culture ever and it hasn't even reached it's full potential yet!

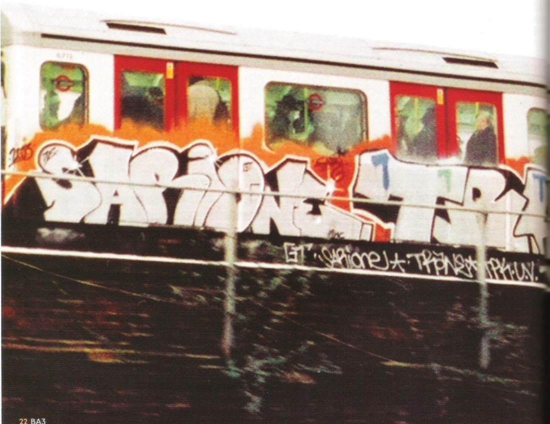


Trane

Clockwork Orange

One of the world's most prolific writers, Trane (TPK UV DDS) from Paris, came to London and in typical fashion absolutely smashed it. Real Ultra-Violence!

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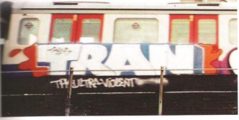
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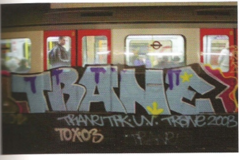
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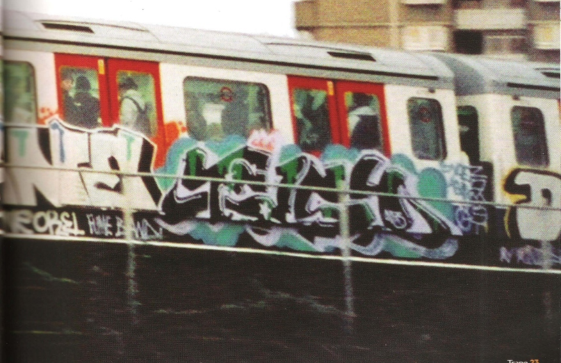
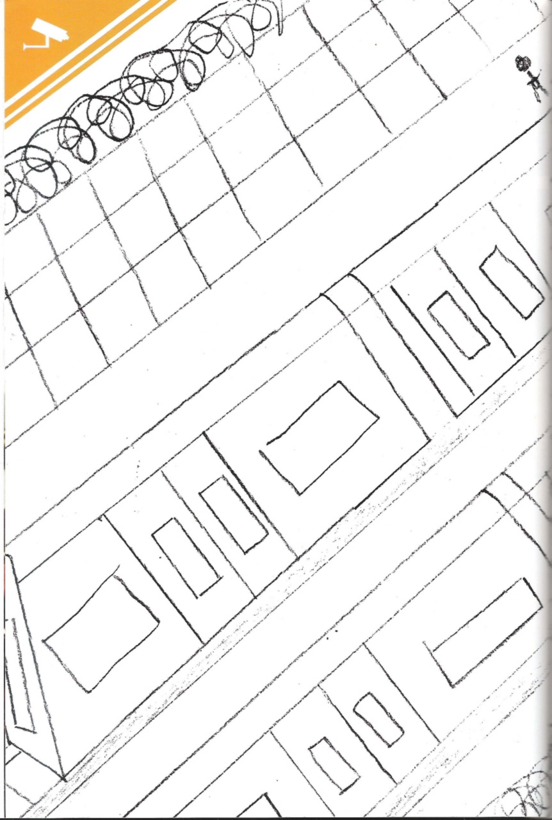
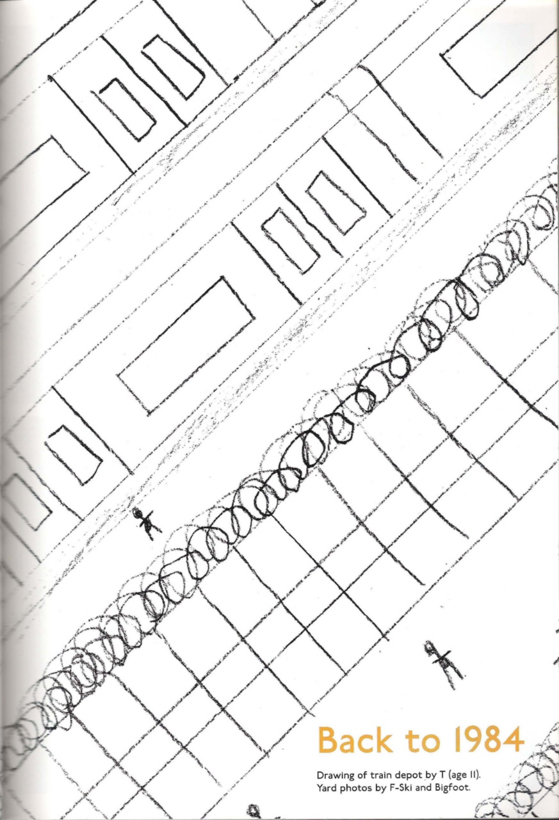
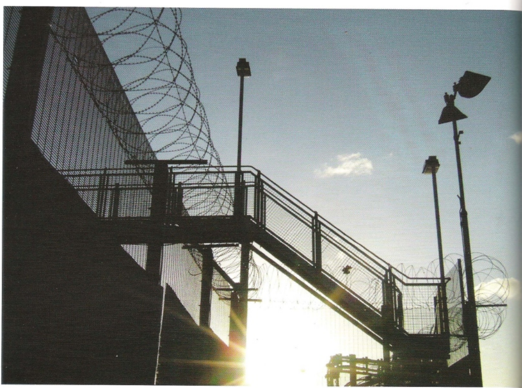


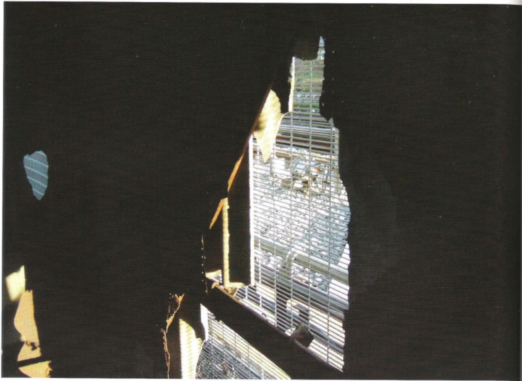




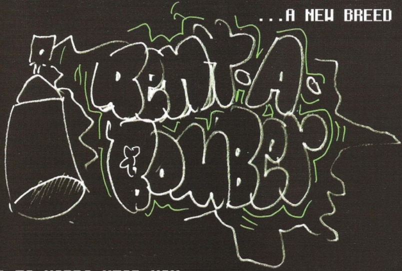
Back to 1984

Drawing of train depot by T (age 11).
Yard photos by F-Ski and Bigfoot.





...A NEW BREED OF GRAFF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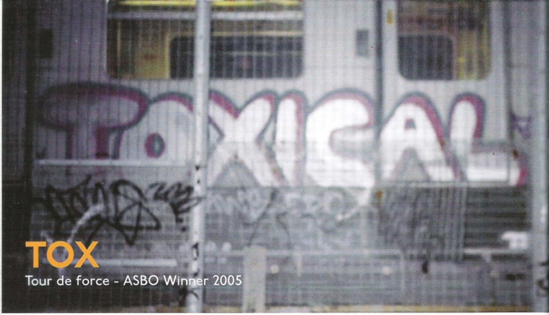
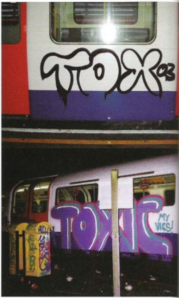


TOX

Tour de force - ASBO Winner 2005

One of the most talked about and well known writers of the past few years has been TOX. From 2001 onwards he has got up on trains like no one else in recent memory: the scale and coverage of his bombing must be witnessed to be truly believed. For a while he had practically every line on the London underground locked down as well as frequent hits on BRs, tracksides and streets. At one time it was virtually impossible to get on a tube without seeing his tag somewhere or other, whether on the insides, outsides, rooftops or undersides. To achieve such a high level of visibility on one of the world's biggest transit networks takes dedication, knowledge of the system and, most of all, balls! The Bomb Alert team decided to put together a small collection of quotes from various sources along with a few flicks to show just how much of an impact he has had on writers and the public community alike. Love him or loathe him, here he is! The ASBO Award Winner 2005.



'I'd give him a good kicking' - Tube driver, 'The Tube' ITV programme.

'To make matters worse, Britons have chosen to specialise not in colourful murals of the sort that impress marketing executives, but in quickly drawn tags. Practitioners of the latter art, of whom TOX 03 is the current London leader, tend to be young and compulsive' - The Economist.

'What a scoundrel' - Beryll, grandmother.

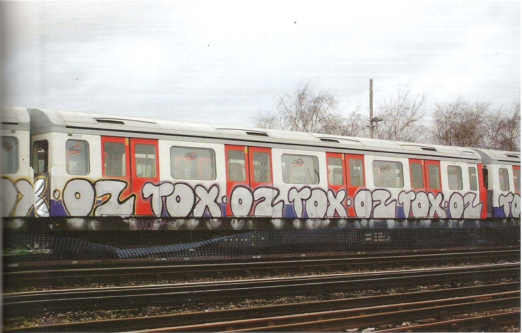
'I think it looks quite sexy!' - Jess, fashion PR assistant.

'A torrid young gentleman. His swagger spoke of the all-out train bomber' - FUEL.

'Maybe it's an inside job? TOX knows the tube very well it seems' - Tube driver, train driver's forum.

'Tox is my favourite writer ever' - Humphrey, graffiti enthusiast and former magazine editor.

'Go down to London town and take a journey on any tube...
You shall see his name emblazoned across the big smoke: TOX' - Tube driver, train driver's forum.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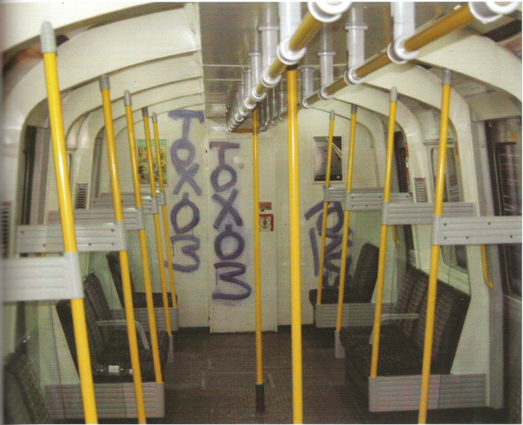
Part of the infamous TOX 02 wholetube, Christmas 2002.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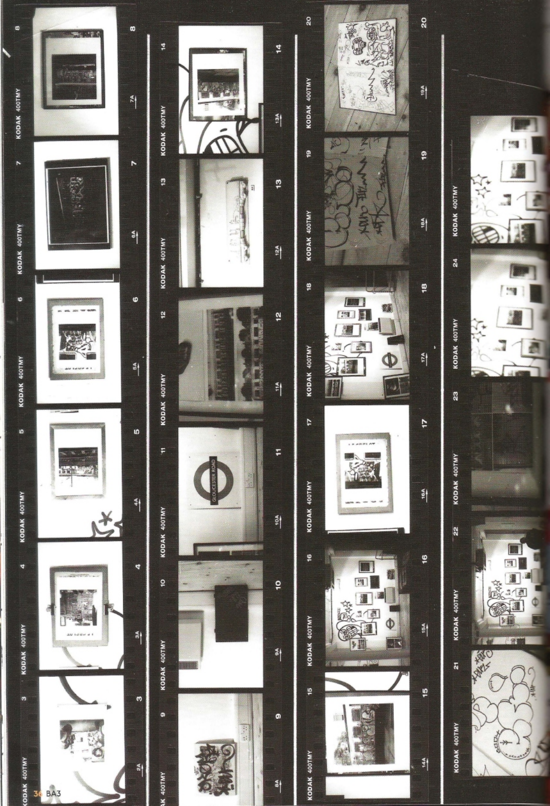
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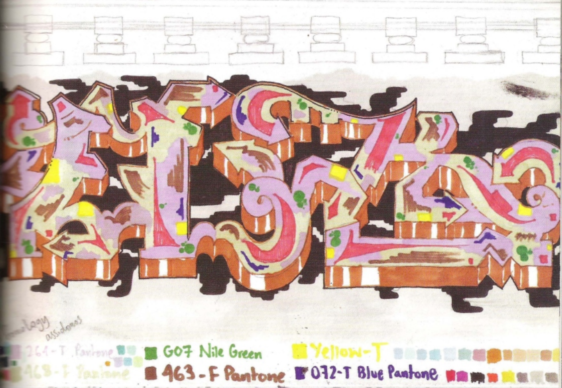

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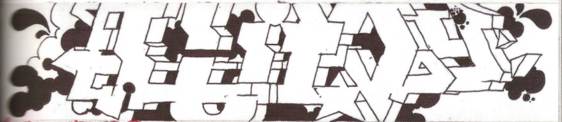

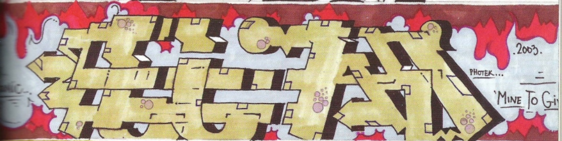

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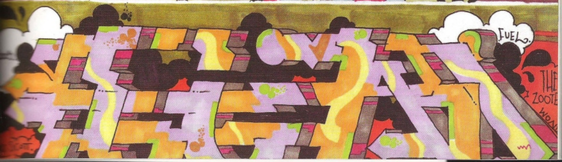

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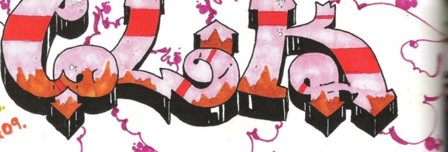

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Deep Magenta RV17
Warm Grey No.5 W5
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Chrome Orange YR04
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Pantone 137-T ✓

F. k everybody [illegible] hate you all !!!

Chris Goldfinger Show

The Love of God.

E15 Dark Suntan 🟧
RV11 Pink ▨
RV29 Crimson 🟥

The Art of Cloud Flying
The Dragon King

Good Night,
I Love You All...

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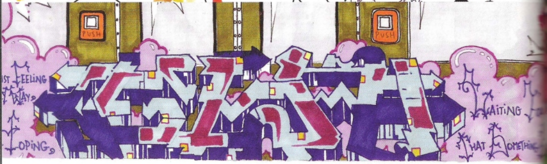
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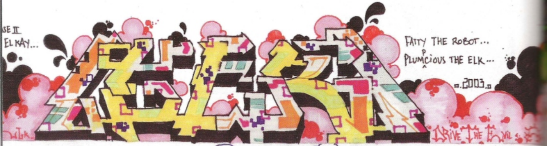
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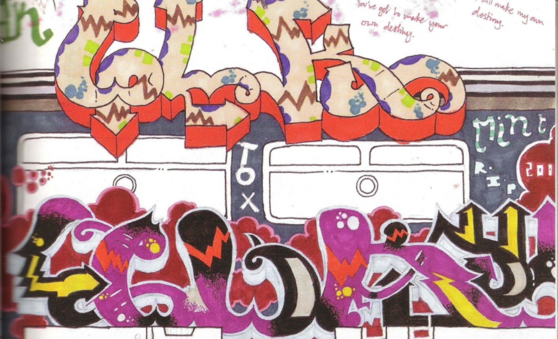
You've got to make your own destiny.

will make my own destiny.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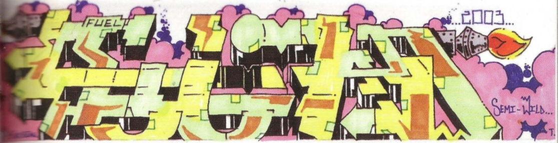
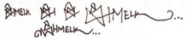
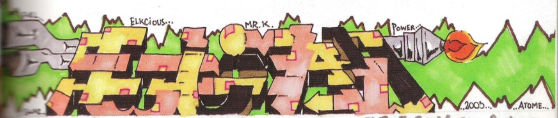
64-T Pantone 🟦 🟩 G07 Nile Green 🟨 Yellow-T

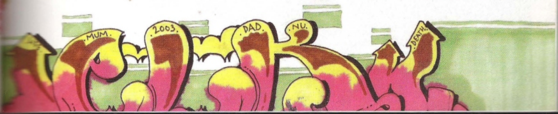
63-F Pantone 🟫 463-F Pantone 🟪 072-T Blue Pantone


FUEL
...2003...
SEMI-WILD...
T.


HMELK
HMELK...
HMELK...

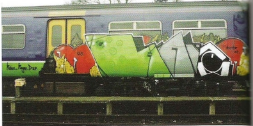

ELKCIOUS...
MR.K.
POWER...
..2003...
..ATOME...

▨ 7-F Cool Gray Pantone

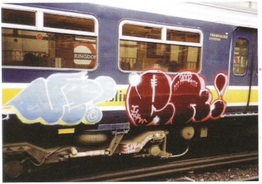

MUM.
2003.
DAD.
NU.
DEATH.

BRs

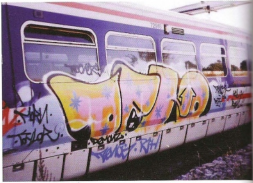
The countryside alliance



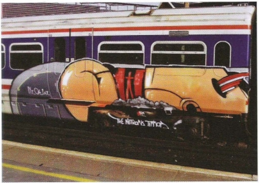
Anie (NT)



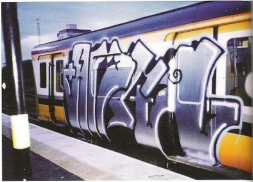
Ye (DDS) Ek (PFB AOK WD)



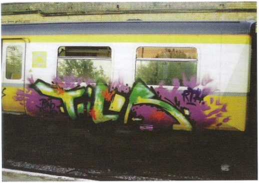
Peno (STD RNB RTH)


THE NETWORK TERROR

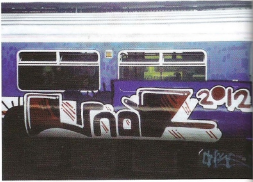
Glory (NT)



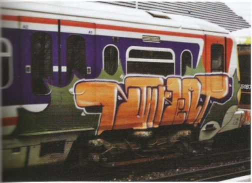
Amsr (RB TBM)



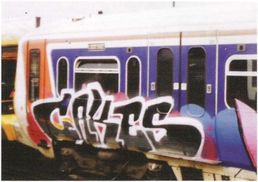
Tailor (RTH)



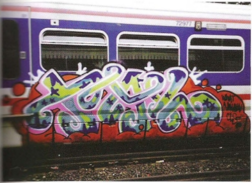
Snot (YRP)



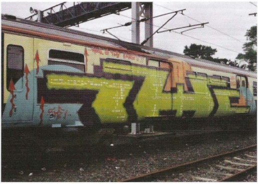
Threat (NT)



Cakes (DSK)



[illegible] (DDS CLS)



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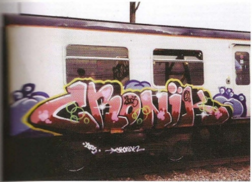
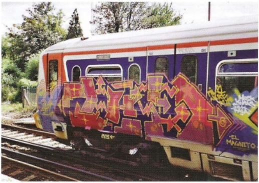
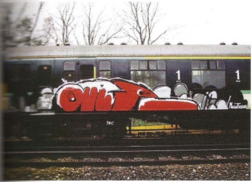


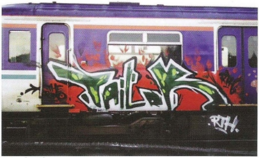
Chronik



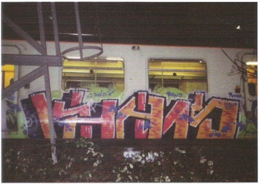
Zino (DPM)



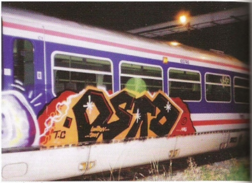
[illegible] (NT)



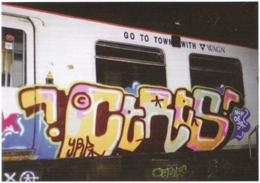
Tailor (RTH)



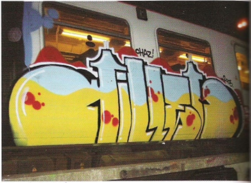
Khans (STD)



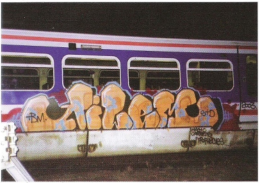
Osta (RNB)


GO TO TOWN WITH WAGN

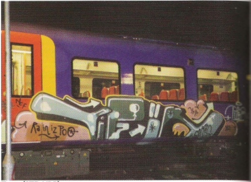
Ceres (STD XO YRP)



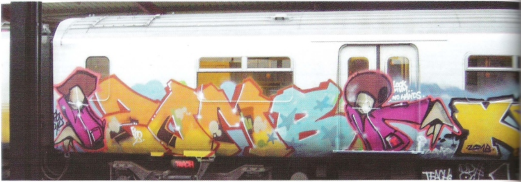
Killem (STD TBM)



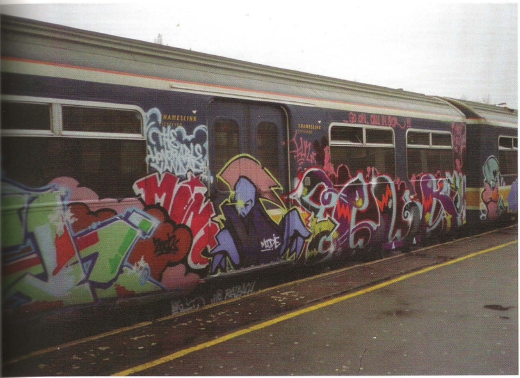
Kilem (STD TBM)



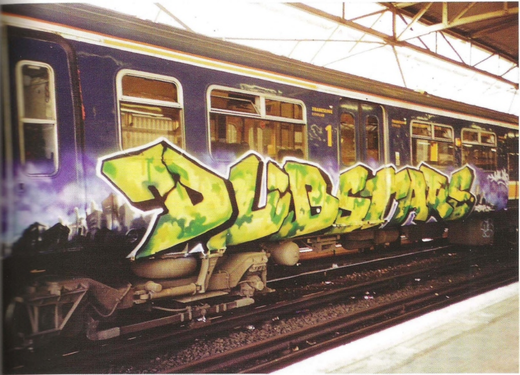
Tigor (STD YRP)



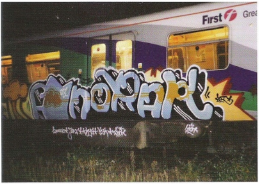
Zomb (DDS FBZ DTB)


THAMESLINK
THAMESLINK

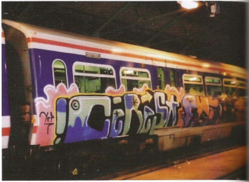
PFB AOK WD)


THAMESLINK
1

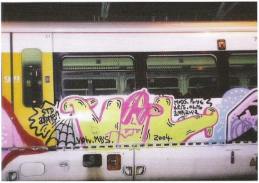
ostars (DDS)



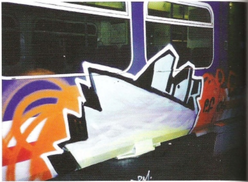
Anorak (YRP)



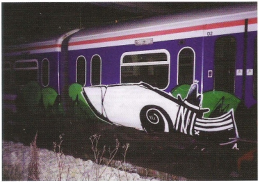
Ceres (STD XO YRP)



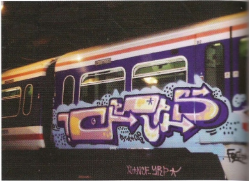
Vol - Ogro (MBS)



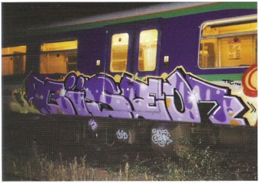
UDK



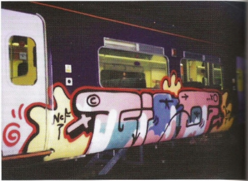
Anie (NT)



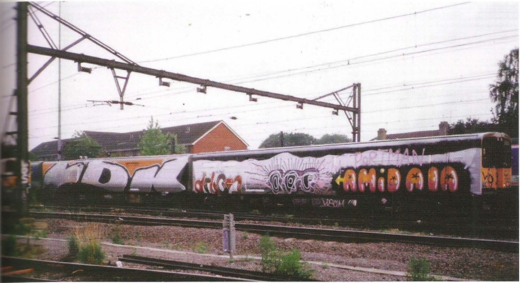
Ceres (STD XO YRP)



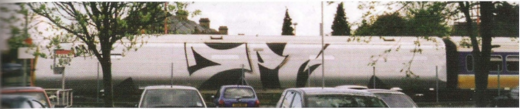
Biser (STD)

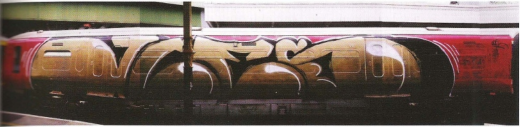


Tirog (STD NCF)

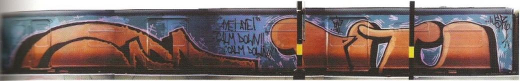

PORTMAN
AMIDALA

LDS

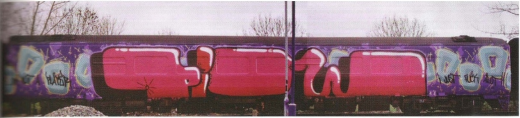




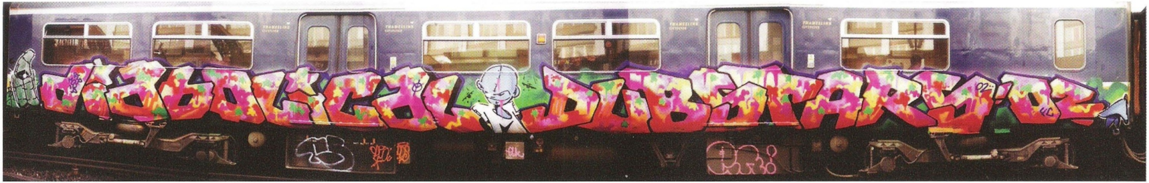
(MFK)


AYE! AYE!
CALM DOWN!!
"CALM DOWN!!

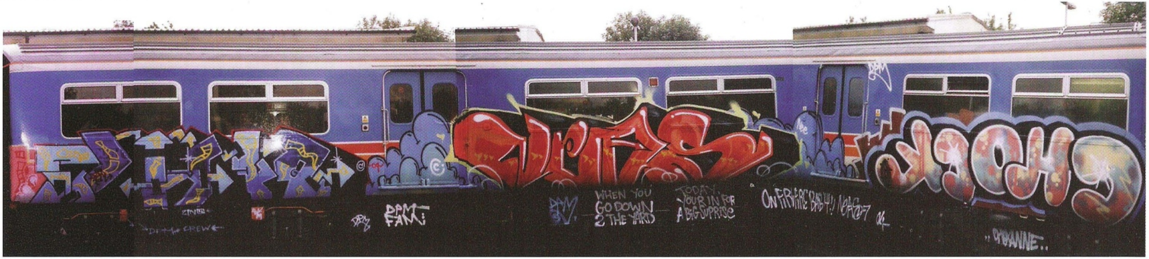
(WSR)


PLAYER
JUST FUCK

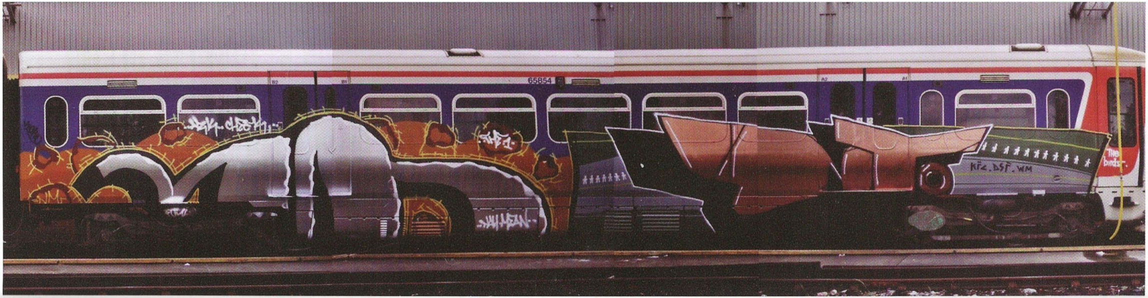
(WSR)



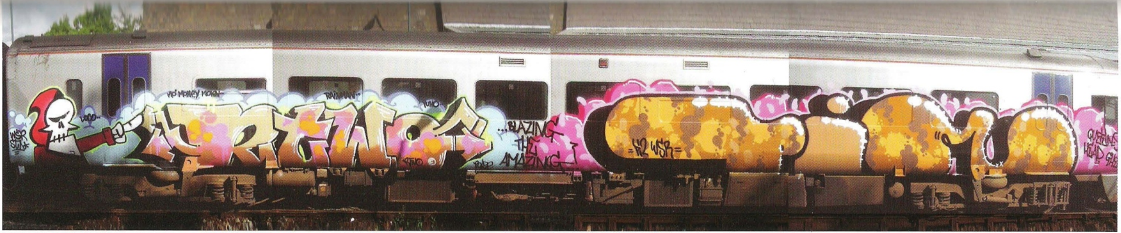
Diabolical Dubstars (DDS)


DPM FAM
WHEN YOU GO DOWN 2 THE YARD
TODAY YOUR IN FOR A BIG SUPRISE

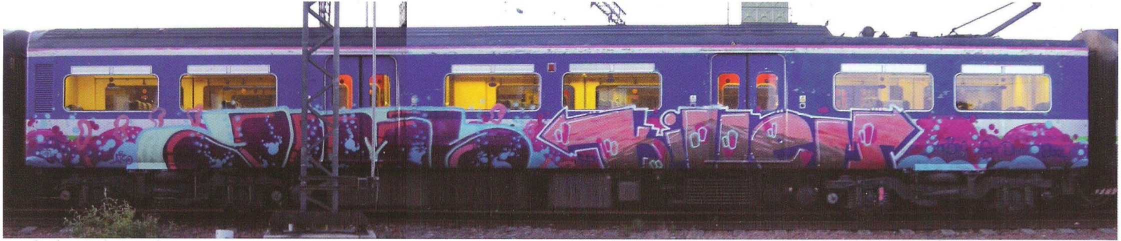
Zino (DPM) Neas (DPM) Chock (BRS)


65854
KFC. DST. WM

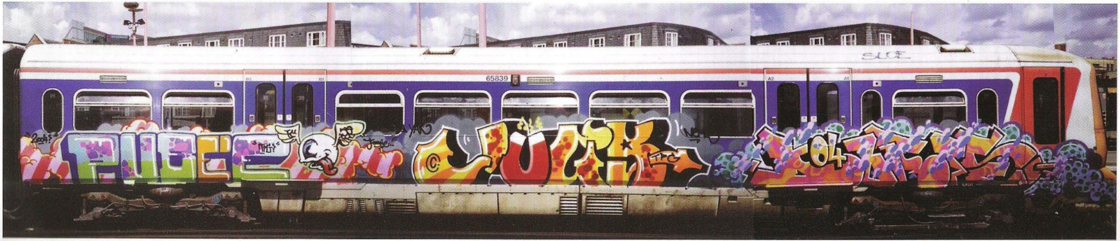
NM NT


...BLAZING THE AMAZING

Rtwo (STD WSR) Piz (WSR)



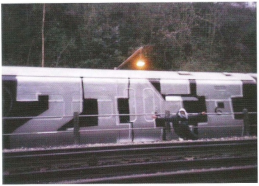
Zims (ATS) Killem (STD TBM)

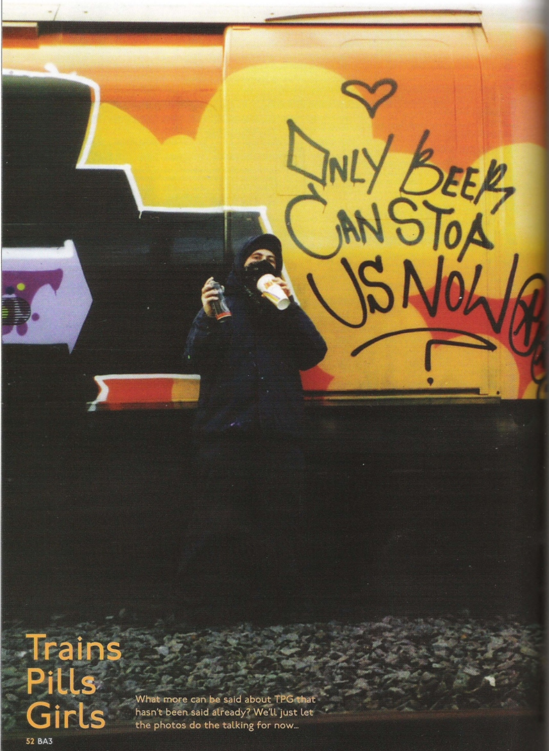


Pubee (TPG) Jugs (TPG CLS) Dorps

ASBO Awards

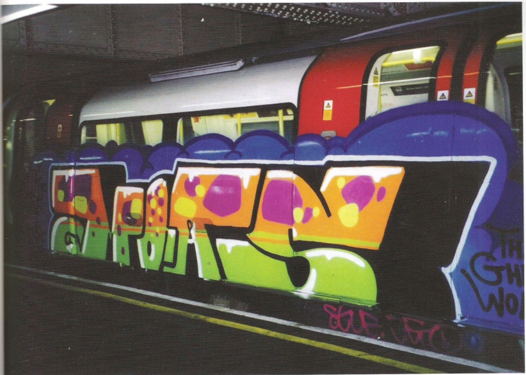
Overground finalists



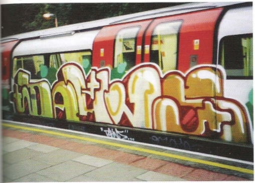

ONLY BEER
CAN STOP
US NOW

Trains Pills Girls

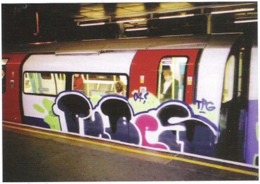
What more can be said about TPG that hasn't been said already? We'll just let the photos do the talking for now...



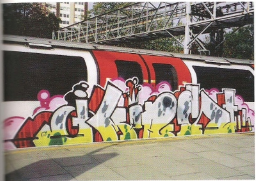
oas (TPG VIMOAS)



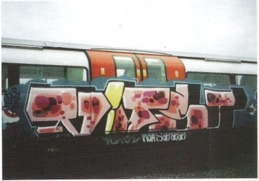
ahns (TPG)



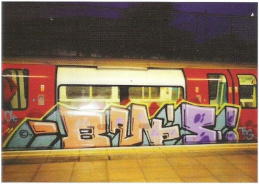
Pubes (TPG)



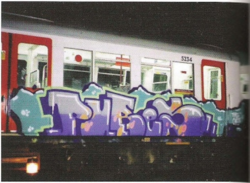
oas (TPG VIMOAS)



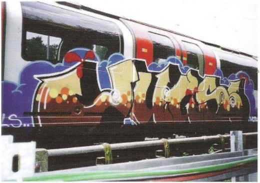
Vims (TPG VIMOAS)



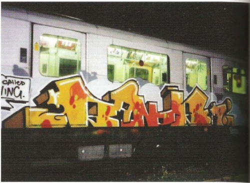
Banos (TPG VIMOAS)



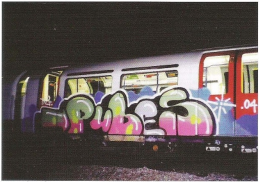
Pubes (TPG)



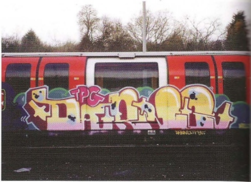
Jugs (TPG CLS)



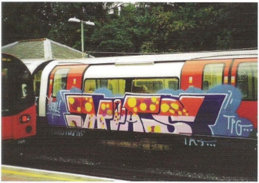
Banos (TPG VIMOAS)



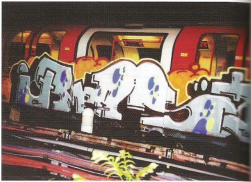
Pubes (TPG)



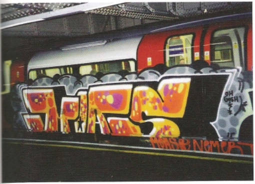
Darns (TPG)

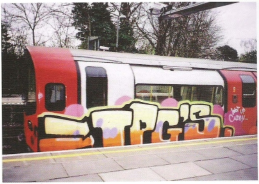


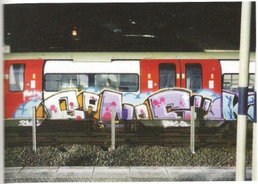
Moas (TPG VIMOAS)

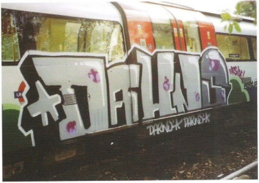


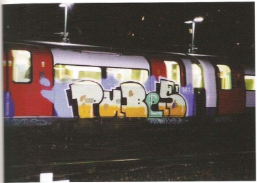
Moas (TPG VIMOAS)


Moas (TPG VIMOAS)


Tpg's (TPG)


Banos (TPG VIMOAS)


Dahns (TPG)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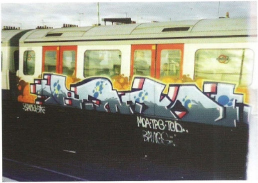
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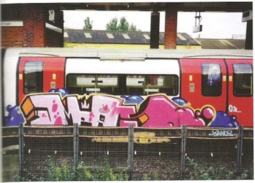
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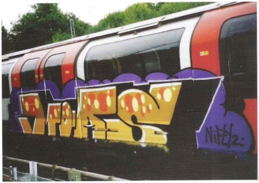
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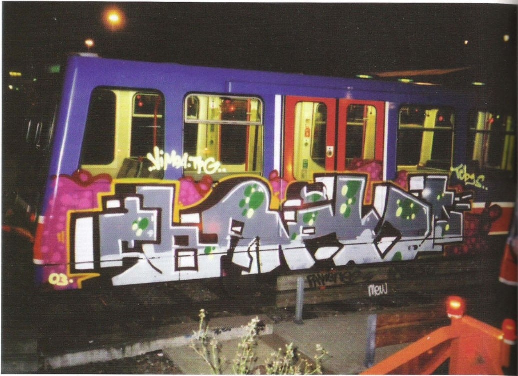
VIMOA TPG
mew

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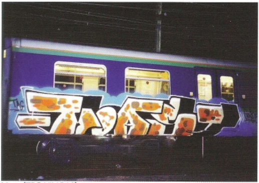

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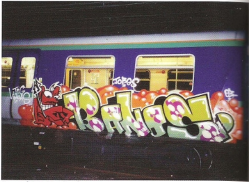

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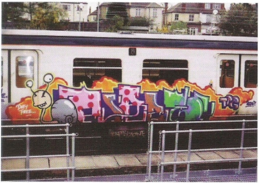

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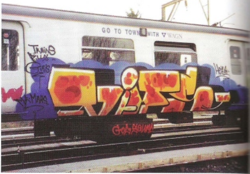
GO TO TOWN WITH WAGN

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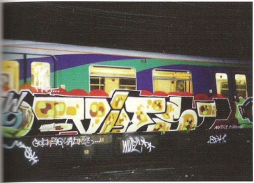
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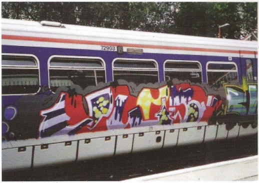

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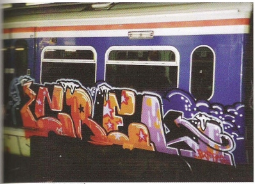
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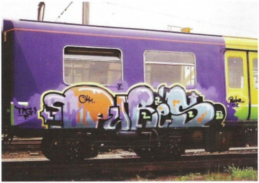
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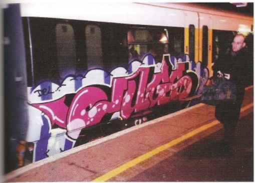
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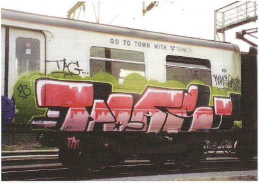
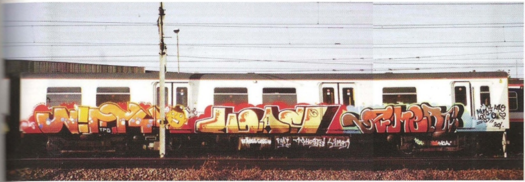
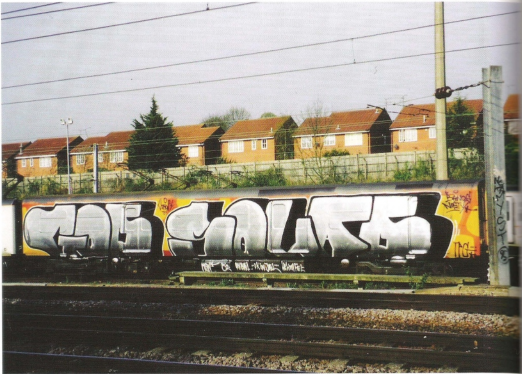
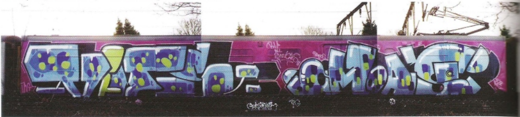

GO TO TOWN WITH WAGN
Moas (TPG VIMOAS)


itty (TPG VIMOAS) Moas (TPG VIMOAS) Vimer (TPG VIMOAS)



God Squad (TPG VIMOAS) - 'On bail or in jail, we won't fail'



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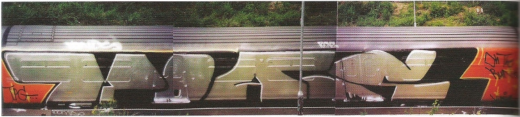

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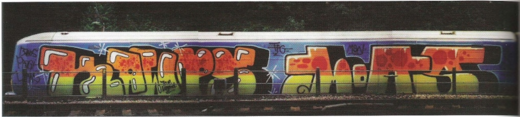
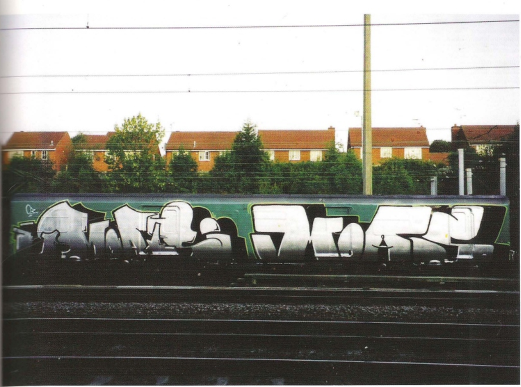
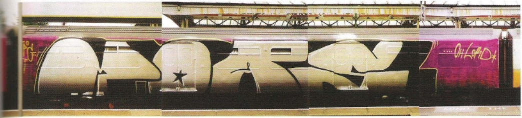


Kawps (TPG) Moas (TPG VIMOAS)



Moas (TPG VIMOAS) Moas (TPG VIMOAS)



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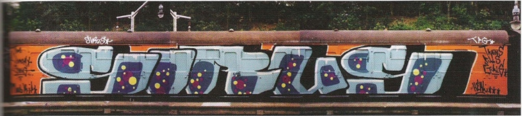

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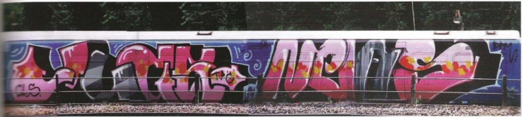
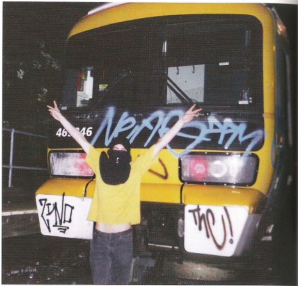


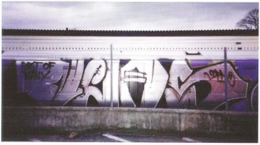
(TPG CLS) Neas (DPM)

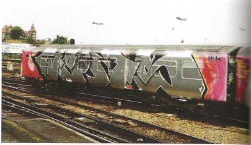


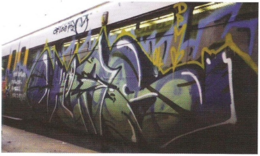
Neas

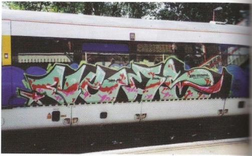
Out there

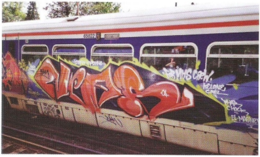
Neas didn't feature in BA2, but since then he's been going on silly, causing widespread disruption. Will somebody tell him it's not the end of the world tomorrow? Anyway, we thought it was necessary to shine a little light on him - the scout has been saluted.

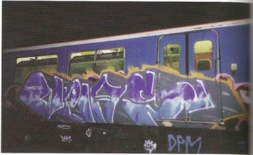


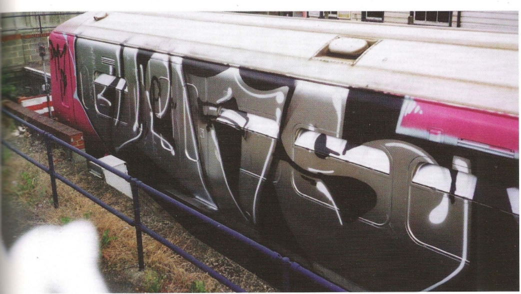


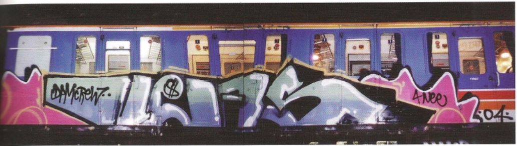


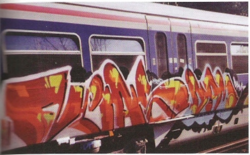


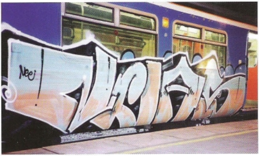


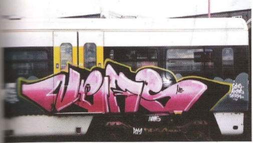


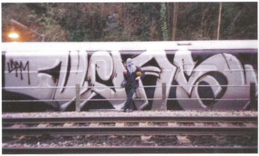



DAMCREW
4NEE
04



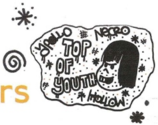

Nee




DPM

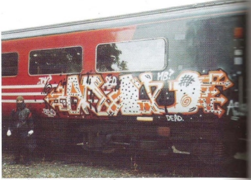
TOY Soldiers

Ghetto youts

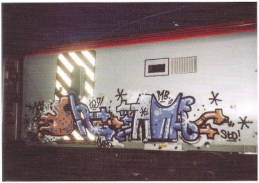


APOLLO
# NECRO
TOP
OF
YOUTH
# HOLLOW

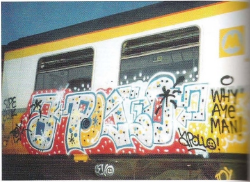
Check out these killer burners from the TOY crew. Hey, don't sprain your brains looking at these wildstyle trains!



Necro (TOY STD MB A99 RNB)

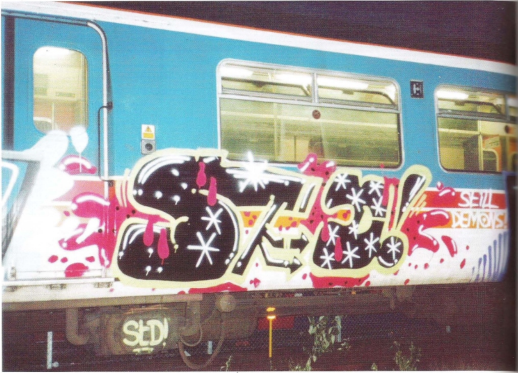


Shame (TOY STD MB A99 RNB)



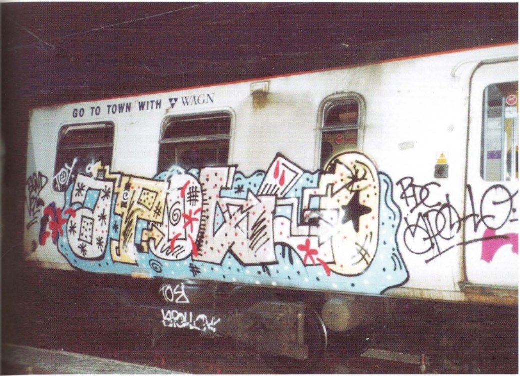
WHY
AYE
MAN!
APOLLO!
TOY

Apollo (TOY MB)

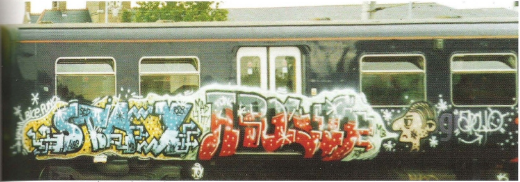


STILL
DEMONS!
STD!

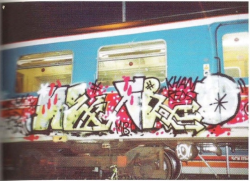
Std (TOY STD MB A99 RNB)


GO TO TOWN WITH WAGN
TOY
APOLLO

(TOY MB)



TOY STD MB A99 RNB) Apollo (TOY MB)



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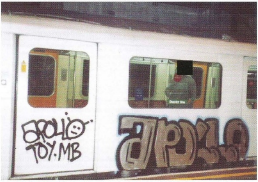
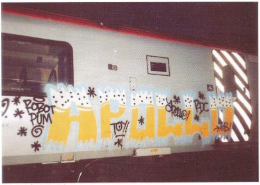
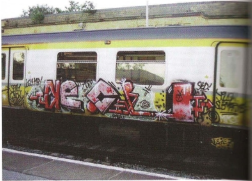

[redacted]
APOLLO
TOY.MB
APOLLO

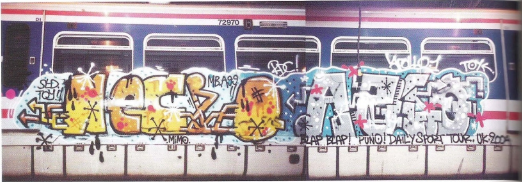
Apollo (TOY MB)


ROBOT PUM
APOLLO
TOY!!

Apollo (TOY MB)



Necro (TOY STD MB A99 RNB)

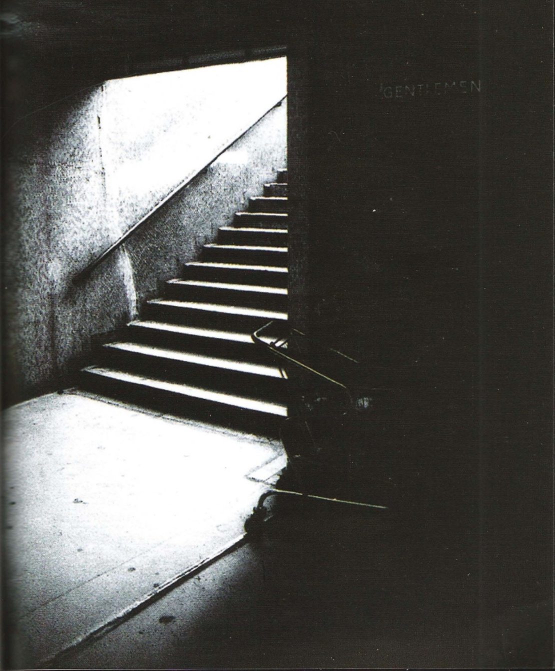

72970
STD TOY!!
MB A99
MIMO
BLAP BLAP! PUNO! DAILY SPORT TOUR. UK 2004

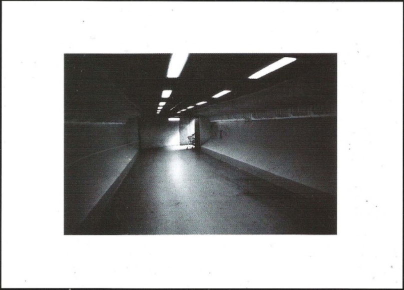
Necro (TOY STD MB A99 RNB) Apollo (TOY MB)

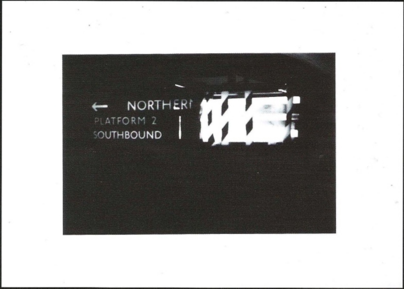
Pure blappery!

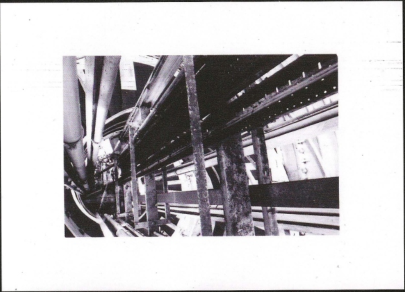
Light Under London

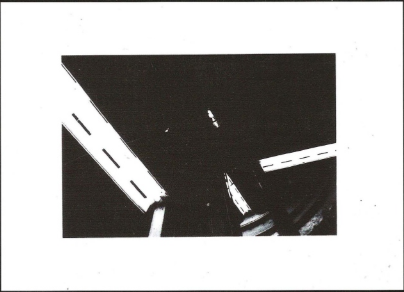
Photography by Anthony Dickinson

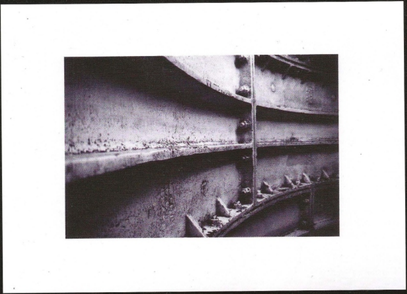





← NORTHER
PLATFORM 2
SOUTHBOUND







Ano

LAST DEFIANT STAND

We met up with Ano in a North London pub where we pumped him with beer and he started to get rowdy.

So how would you describe your earliest stuff? Was it in a London style?

Nah, nothing. I don't like all that "London this" or "European style" - it's bullshit. I like simple letters, that's what I was trying to do. Maybe when I was at home I would have drawn some wildstyles just to see what you could do and that. You always wanna be different to other people.

When I was going to hall of fames I remember seeing pieces by ELK where he'd done thick lines and it was clean as fuck. So I thought that I wanted to do fat clean outlines - nice clean sharp strong lines.

So let's talk a bit more about your writing partnership with DODO: did he school you up on yards?

He showed me what I had to see about a yard. I was with him - he went yard and I went with him. The first train I done with him he done a one man window-down wholecar in silver. OK, people wouldn't like it cos it was big long letters but it's a one man widow-down wholecar - quick! I done a panel in the same time and I was like 'fuck me!' that's the business. That was only the second time I met the geezah.

After the first yard mission did you sense the difference between walls and yards?

It blew me away. To stand at a wall pottering around and taking your time is shit. The feeling to paint a train was just amazing. To climb through this little hole to get in the yard, or whatever, and paint against this big bit of steel and keep an eye on the guard.

When people first started to hear about you what was the general reaction?

At that stage there wasn't a lot of reaction from others and we didn't have a lot of contact with other writers. We didn't like other writers. We wasn't writers, we was doing what we wanted - It wasn't a planned thing. We was vandals and we was out to do what we wanted to do and fuck everyone else.

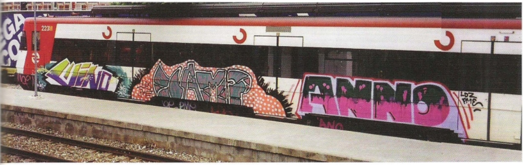
You weren't bothered at all about the scene then?

The scenes are bullshit cos you're doing something against authority, yet these people who are in some so-called "scene" start giving you rules and regulations that you gotta act to and that's bullshit man cos that isn't graffiti.

> 'We wasn't writers, we was doing what we wanted - it wasn't a planned thing'

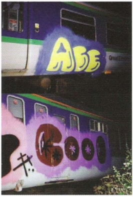
Was there a key moment in bringing about your change from doing the wall style you were doing to the style that you're now known for?

The thing that changed me was an interview in Xplicit Grafix with VINO. VINO was doing a style that was so fantastic it was unreal. It just looked so much better than those guys who were painting wildstyles. Reading the interview just reinforced what I already thought. And then after that some people would say it was a downhill slide to the complete destruction of what is a letter. You push yourself and wanna strip the letter down to minimilness. So people didn't like what we were doing - we didn't want people to like what we were doing. It was to fuck people off and the more people that were fucked off with what we were doing, the more we fucking liked it!



Looking back on it now, do you ever feel that you should have spent more time doing prettier, more intricate styles?
No, I would have just done more and bigger destructive shit - wholecars and panels. Things are different now because now days the paint is easily accessible and it's thick as fuck and you can do what you want. If we had had paint like that when we was doing what we was doing we'd have destroyed yards to destruction. We were doing five pieces a night with paint that was coming out skinny as fuck. If it was now we would have fucking destroyed it!

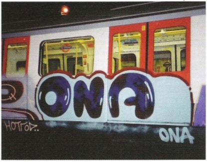
What do you say to the writers who say your stuff is a waste of space or time?
Most of the people saying that ain't fucking gone into a train yard and done a fucking train. When they go and do all the trains I've done they can come and talk to me about it. When they've gone into the yard and done their wildstyles or fancy pieces or whatever have you and as many as what I've done then they can come and talk to me about it, otherwise I've got no interest in their opinions, cos their opinions mean nothing - fuck 'em!



You talk about stripping letters down and simplifying. Is that why you chose to write words like COOL?
Absolutely. It got to a point where we'd stripped stuff down and then we thought how fucking far can we go? One day we was in the yard and had other stuff planned but we come up with ACE and COOL. Quality names, you know what I mean? How can you beat that man! That's like top quality graf names. We gave the flicks out and got a beating on the internet apparently that was indescribable. People said we were destroying graffiti and blah di blah di blah. Like we should be put on the cross and burned or something and we was just laughing. We didn't think it would work so well. It got to the point where it was just like 'let's see how pissed off we could get people'.
We stripped it down so badly that people hated what we were doing, but it's on a train not a wall. If we'd done it on a wall then people wouldn't give a shit, but it was on a train so no one could say nothing. They can comment but let's see them fucking beat it! I don't care, I'm only doing it to annoy ya! [Laughs] wankers!

Do you feel partly responsible for the current trend in simplistic pieces that we're seeing in London right now?
No, cos I just did what I did. It wasn't about trying to start a trend, it was about doing what we wanted to do and we didn't want to be like everyone else.

Do you find it ironic that the same guys that would have slated you are now busting out stripped-down letters?
Yes, because there's people out there who've over the years done traditional styles and then it becomes fashionable to be different or alternative or to do a simple style. People suddenly change but I've got more respect for the person that still does their wildstyles or traditional styles now cos they're doing what they wanna do instead of following fashion. It's madness to me! Surely doing graffiti is about doing what you want to do, not what is a fashion and if you're in a fashion then your pieces mean nothing. The term "European style" is bullshit cos whatever city you go to in Europe there's a certain city style - just like the DDS style in London. A "retro style" is for hanger-oners who are fashion victims - they don't know fuck all. This is about people with individual ideas who always had individual ideas and want to be individual - people who hate traditional society and hate government - it's about destroying trains and being yourself.



Did competition drive you to paint?
To a point, but we weren't trackside bombers. What we really wanted to do was to paint the train, not competing with everybody. The train was the most important thing.
You don't see any clouds on our pieces cos what's the point of putting a fucking cloud to hide up the train. The piece is on the train - the background is the train - that was always the point of what we did. The cloud in the old New York days was always to hide all the bombing and other shit behind. Well, there was rarely any bombing on the train I painted, if ever, so what's the point of fucking putting a massive fucking cloud all over the train so you can't see the fucking train.

There's a time when you and DODO moved to painting a lot of backjumps - was that the result of all your travels through Europe?

No, cos we never did anything like that [in Europe]. It was just to see what was possible in time - as in how quick could you do a piece on a train and make it look OK. It taught you to paint different and to learn how to paint again. You could do something in two minutes and get a runner and it would run when they didn't want you to have something running and you'd beat em! It was about possibilities: what you could do and how fast you could be. Breaking rules and traditions. Your meant to do bombing on backjumps in this country; well why can't you do a piece, who says you can't do a piece? It's like "that ain't a real piece cos you only done it in two minutes" - that's bullshit! If I can do a piece in only two minutes that's quality man cos I can get fucking hundreds of pieces out in the hour if I wanted to.

Let's go back to breaking rules - was doing no outline but instead just filling in backgrounds part of that?

No, no that's where everyone falls short, everyone presumed that was a background. That was an outline with a fucking "fuzzy" man. Graffiti terms 2004 exclusive to Bomb Alert Magazine: a "fuzzy" [Hysterical laughter]. It's an outline with a fuzzy!

What about writing over your piece?

People said when I was writing with them "Why are you dogging out your piece?" And I'd say "I'm not dogging out my piece, I'm adding to my piece!" I've seen other such scenarios in a KILO and SHOK wall piece I saw in HHC magazine, which was long after when I done it. I wouldn't say I was the first though - you never know when you're the first to do something. I just fancied doing it at the time. Some say it wrecks the piece - which you could say it does cos you can't see fuck all underneath it, but I like it so.

Your colours are quite different. How was that dictated?

The more I moved on I tried to used colours that you shouldn't use. Everyone wanted you to do pretty happy pieces but fuck that, let's try and clash colours and see ho ugly we can make it. The trouble is every time you clash your colour it actually looks quite nice.

Has being involved in graffiti affected the way you see life, the way you are as a person?

I wouldn't say it's changed me - it's what I was and am now. But when I get on a train and see the thing's bombed to fuc I think it's fantastic. I'm a grown man and a vandal, a vandal 'til I die. Whether I vandalise or I don't it's what I am and I love destruction. It's not art, they don't commission you to do it. It ain't art, it ain't aerosol art - we're vandals and that what we love.

What would happen if one day LU turned around and said people were allowed to paint trains?

That would be a fucking disgrace. You'd get all the fucking arseholes coming out that had done fuck all, all the time coming out to paint a fucking shitty "scene" on a train. Bollocks to 'em! That would never work, it's bullshit. If they gave permission to paint a fucking train I'd fucking make m best efforts to go and fucking bomb the fuck out of that train that those arseholes had painted. Cos they ain't writers, they're fucking toys.

LdS LdS→ LdS. ANO ANO ANO ANO ANO..
BLEED FOR ME...

GROUND
E CREW.... ease MYSELF INTO A BODYBAG...

Of all the places in the world that you've painted, what and where has been your best experience?
The place in Spain where I did a subway train. None of them spoke English. We jumped out of the back of a train at a station and we had to run down a tunnel while the trains were running. Couldn't see fuck all apart from a little dot at the end of the tunnel. You had to keep running down the tunnel until you bumped into someone when you reached the half way point and then we waited. A couple of them went to check the yard and came back and said it was cool. We climbed down a ladder back into a tunnel which we run down with trains running. Done a right down another tunnel which was carved out of a mountain and then there's just pure subway trains - a massive yard in a mountain with platforms and it was fucking quality! When we finish coming back onto the platform and there's girls there and shit and you're fucking covered in black. Rotten, but it was quality. In Spain they don't give a fuck - if there's a way to paint a train then they will paint a train. There's no rules or regulations about graf like in this fucking country - if there's a way of doing something they'll find it and do it and that's fucking graffiti man!

Going yard - rucksack or plastic bag?
Plastic bag.

How would you like to be remembered in your contribution to London graffiti?
I wouldn't like to be.

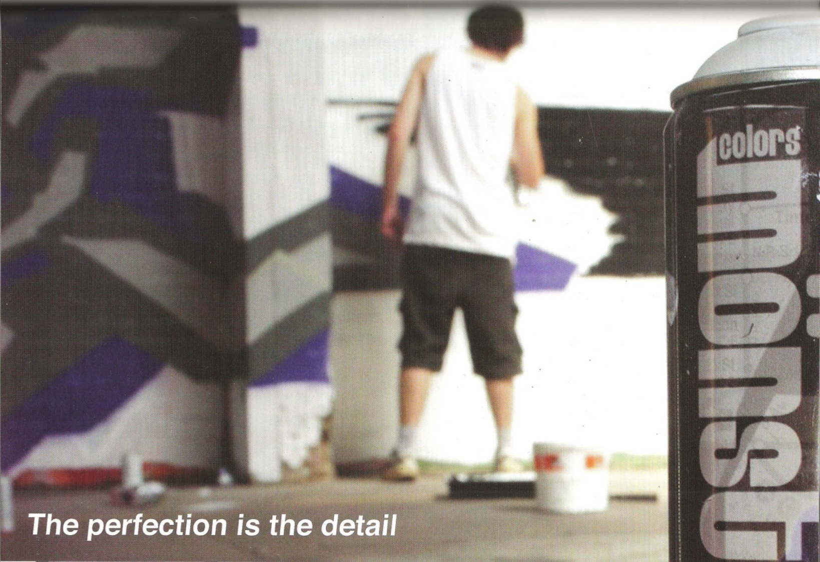
Why's that?
I don't give a fuck.

Not even style-wise?
Style-wise or nothing-wise I don't fucking care!
[Laughs all round]

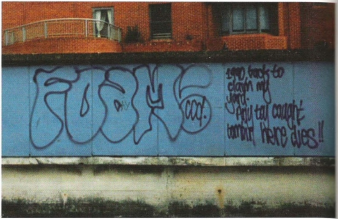
We've seen pictures of some Russian writers who have really ripped off you and DODO's pieces. Would you care to say anything to them?
Yes, thank you. I'm honoured.

What would you be doing if you hadn't got into writing?
I'd have been a farmer!

Last comments?
Beware the wrath of the fuzzy!


colors
mönst
The perfection is the detail

Old Boys Club



Foam's warning above Triangle Sidings 1990

Once upon a time, before the buff was formulated, it was rumoured that the first daubings on underground carriages were met with hot soapy water, a Brillo pad and a large amount of elbow grease. You could see the lack of effective solvents, the futile attempts of some station manager to remove the offending eyesore and return the train to its former glory. But all was lost; a line had been crossed, a chain reaction would be set in motion, the display would have hurtled back and forth from Baker Street.

Harrow-on-the-Hill, the huge writers bench, which represented the rolling Big Mets, would become a viewing platform for some of those early emissions by pioneering writers such as RAN, SET3, TILT and MYTH. The Big Mets, the Little Mets and the Bakerloos all provided the first glimpses of early progression. The Little Mets: RIZE, RIPPER, GANJA, ROBBO 484, DEMO with the trusted Pental. JUDGE/ICE, the first live painted throw-ups witnessed by myself in black Krylon. On the Bakerloos, FURY with the beast marker made from old blackboard rubbers dipped in Edding... whole panel tags.

Cells were multiplying independently, the far reaches of each line spawning their own unique scenes unbeknown to each other. My first port of call, an entry into this culture came via the 'Northern', the southbound section between Elephant and South Wimbledon. The writers who inhabited these few stations knew nothing of the Big Met boys and most had never ventured further North of the West End. These scenes were defined by their surroundings: the writers bench at Tooting Bec. No photographs exist but around 7.30 every evening, when rush hour had died, youths gathered with intent. The Kangol, Puma States or Cazals would be all that set them apart. I was dressed in black for all occasions, leaking pens never showed up and on every turn there was graf. Laying low on arrival, there was a lawless atmosphere, a volatile air. The departure of a train, the clearing of commuters, someone volunteers to watch the downward escalator: a senital. Now the writer takes on meaning. Eddings, Pentals, homemade Sned pens made from camera film cases. Roll-on deodorants had had makeovers, torch pens had not been discovered. Resourceful, inventive, creative, destructive. A rush to the platform edge to the sounds of Jazzy Jay and Red Alert... Go Bezerk! The sight of REV with MAG44 on his shoulders, crossing the line to get a high reach...

These youths, my contempories, people who would later become my friends hurling themselves across the tracks hopping over the third rail. Close to death yet so alive, the Third Rail Family. The handstyles were undeniable, the writers in these parts a bombing breed. A rumble, and the beats continue. An oncoming train breaks up the party, the last person making it safely back onto the platform.

Moving between stations for hours on end, repeating movements like these, covering ground, going back over the buffer's work making sure you're current. Getting up. Turning the place into one of the most heavily bombed parts of the system ever. Borough station had pieces painted across tracks, executed between the coming and going of trains. No room left to tag. The station became like the tunnel, so thoroughly covered that no white surface was left unmarked: absolute saturation. For in those days there were no CCTV camera, the first ones promptly unscrewed and taken home as a novel momento.

A daunting prospect for the newly formed graffiti squads, set up in responce to this new phenomena. Follow the loiterer, the kids who make underground stations their homes. Undercovers, riding the line following in the shadows, the vast job of separating the strands. In those days they only wanted the big fish... A shakedown;

"Alright lads, empty your pockets".

Pens rolling down the platform intercepted by BTs. On closer inspection they seem disinterested now. They're looking for a red Edding which can be attributed to some king. Certain brave writers would break out of their mould, the kids that would not be held to boundaries. Armed with a marker they ventured upwards and outwards spreading the word. Riding the lines, alliances were made between North, South, East and West. Rivalries existed, however, and were rich in London during the 80's. There was also the daily presence of "steamers", predators moving from carriage to carriage that would lurk in the shadows at the end of platforms sporting flight jackets. Taking tips from writers, pulling the emergency and using the wastegrounds and the derelict backdrop of Ladbroke Grove as their getaway. For many writers FOAM and RUSH represented the greatest obstacle of all.

For those bumpkins brave enough to venture off the end of the platform at Grove, an initiation in the art of taxing would be dealt by FOAM I CCD. The humble bumpkin looking for a lesson in graffiti would often be sent packing,

Cop and Fuel in Hammersmith 1987

tail between legs. The victim would be informed that he had "officially been stung by FOAM I". The boys would then be treated to a slap-up meal at the Goldborne Fish Bar. A similar treatment would be prescribed to anyone found in lay-ups. Saturday mornings/afternoons in G - go on any train passing the yard and you could see a set of feet under the train.

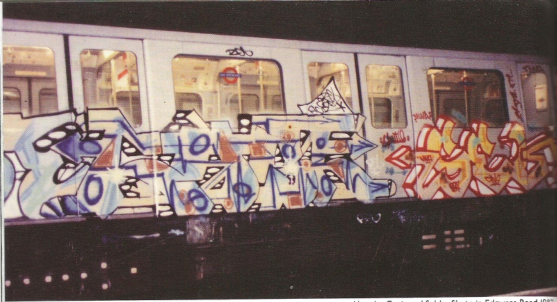
FOAM was often there to meet the unsuspecting youths. Taking the ledge, he'd stalk them from above. Who knows what ensued but I heard cries and the muffled sounds of distress. He'd bowl back with two carrier bags of paint, cursing and ranting about the state of G.

William Chard was the most dedicated BTP officer of the early years. He was the last bastion of the glory days; the days of clean trains. Like the station manager with his elbow grease, Chard took it personally. A personal vendetta. Overtime, extra hours... no pay. It was as if he was solely put in charge to curb the vandals and restore the trains to their former glory. In interrogation he would reel off names in a desparate attempt to untangle the threads as if he himself had recieved an insight into the onslaught that was to unfold.

The state of play. 1986-87 saw a huge increase in activity, a truly formative year for many. Well known writers were emerging and becoming leading lights unhindered by the newly formed graffiti squads. Take a trip up to Harrow-on-the-Hill in Winter, to the writers bench, and you would have found scores of trains, some running for months at a time. The Big Met boys had no time for Lil Mets but there was many who did. The pace was furious. Throw-ups painted top-to-bottom on the insides of carriages; the in-tray was mounting up. Each train distinguished by its own markings,

Ink in Edgware Road 1986

Set3 throw-up 1986



Haze by Ganja and Sel by Shuto in Edgware Road 1987

the buffer's hands were tiring in the run-up to Christmas 1987 in what was to become the largest bombing campaign ever undertaken. After a lot of hard work and with the sheer number of active writers, the graffiti dream was finally coming true... Blitzed. There was a buzz on the street and I think for many these were our glory days.

Plans were afoot by CHAIN and co. to enter Hammersmith on Christmas Day and spill the buff while others were busily planning their own missions. Back then Christmas Eve was a unique time time for the London writer, the trains slowly but surely grinding to a halt and laying bare in their depots. What ensued? For one, a window-down wholetrain at Moorgate by WD. For another, the Grove boys making themselves at home for a day in G. Myself and GRAND soiling Parsons, NewWave represting Farringdon and CHAIN and others pulling off their own ingenious plot to overthrow the system.

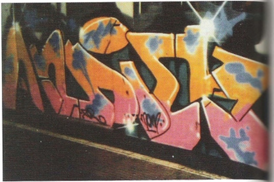
There was a realisation. A dawning. A time had been reached; a time when we could bring about change whether for better or for worse.

Parsons Green, Boxing Day. The awakening; line controllers, station managers still fat from their turkey, each one uncovering a rude gift left by the graffiti fraternity. What followed by the LU was a frenzied search for clean trains but hardly any existed. The Grove boys had assigned one of their number to destroying the insides of every single Lil Met in G. Back to Parsons, the Station phone rings but nobody answers. We're waiting for our train to pull out but nothing's moving... GRAND picks up the phone, it's the line manager at Edgware Road wanting to know if there's any rolling stock fit to run. "Of course! Bring a driver down to 22 Road". Our piece ran. Mine said "It's Fuel again folks".

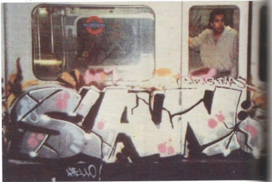
The front page of the Standard read "Graffiti Orgy". Local television news showed the WD worm through the driver's monitor, snaking out of Moorgate.

Following on from Christmas, a level of saturation had been established and was upheld. While pieces were being painted on one side of the yard, unbeknown to them there would be bombers hotting up the other side. It's the nature that piecers stay put and endure the night, whilst

'There was a realisation. A dawning. A time had been reached; a time when we could bring about change whether for better or for worse'



Andie by Seize 1986



San, Christmas 1987

bombers come and go. As a result of this frenzied assault, the authorities responded with surveillence and intelligence. Yards were staked out for weeks at a time with BTs hiding in trains.

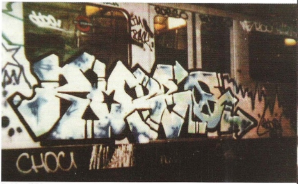
The writers' response was directed by none other than FOAM and the Grove boys who saw the Lil Mets as the sacred canvas, strictly put aside for the purpose of burners. Too many nights had been spoiled by the pointless bombing as they saw it. What was set in motion was a concerted effort to organise the up until now anarchic graffiti scene. Plans were drafted and through the complex grapevine, a decree was called. The writers meeting at the bandstand in Hyde Park was the meeting place and many attended. Both piecers and bombers were called to attendence and the theory was laid down that Lil Mets and Districts would be put aside for the sole purpose of piecing, whilst bombing could be carried out on "bubble trains", which were viewed as inferior. There was no room for transgression. It was a tyranny for those who loved to see their tags on Mets and many eventually responded with mutiny.

1989. Not the beginning of the end but the end of the beginning. Most of the early writers had hung up their cans and begun to fade into obscurity, making way for others. The average writing career had come to an end by the late 80's. The early 90's saw the first unhindered presence of bumpkins and the emergence of crews such as PFB ("Punishment For Bumpkins") and RCS. The make-up of writers had completely changed.

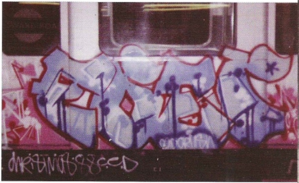
1992 was the weak link in terms of the graffiti lineage. This was the year when politics unhindged the efforts of that relatively new school breed with the IRA bombing campaign of London. They found the London underground system as one of their key targets. A bomb detonated and killing people in Victoria station or the planting of a bomb on the undercarriage of a train in Barking sidings was enough to throw the full resources of the BTP and Bomb Squad to protecting the yards. There was a call to the people, in the spirit of the Blitz, for all eyes and ears to report any suspicious activity around train stations and of course depots. A Journey through the underground and the tension was palpable. Security alerts were common and mass disruption was brought about by empty McDonalds bags. This was the beginning of the era of fear and paranoia.
I personally saw this as a very worrying period and took it upon myself to create some of the few wholecar pieces pulled off during that year, one being "Man mAIDS Murder" [overleaf photo from The Independent, 1992]. These pieces were instrumental in continuing the lineage and passing the batton to the likes of the new wave onslaught that would take the form of the mighty DDS and its counterpart, MTS [Military Train Society]. Like an urban guerilla, the new, tenacious breed of writer knew his surroundings. Graffiti would be striped down to its key component: resistance.

Down with Big Brother.
Down with Big Brother.
Down with Big Brother.

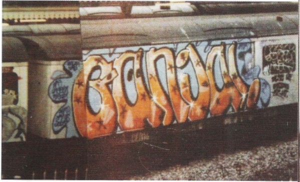
Text: FUEL
Photos: DISE, FUEL



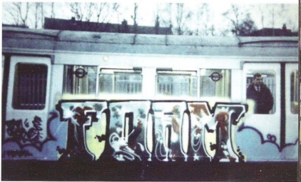
Robbo 1986



Fuel Christmas 1988



Ganja Christmas 1988



Foam 1989

NO SMOKING

"We will now be tackling a
second generation of vandals'"

Back to 1995

The golden age

A blast from the past... 10 years ago... what can I remember... well it was a very productive year for graf... a lot of court cases with some prison sentences... year of the yeah... "diabolical dubstars", "the zooted wonders", "pure hot moves", "total kaos", "white trash"... a tight "military train society" was present... no corruption from money or influence from the commercial industries and greedy people... there wasn't a sniff of the internet, no commercial paint brands or any graf related products... all that there was were a few mags every now and again... most information was kept safe underground and shared among the honourable vandals, gate keepers and protectors of secret paths... green couch productions... cleaners witnessed the truth... so called graffiti-proof fences pushed the evolution and natural advancement of writers to get in and out... cutting fences with speed developed great escape artists... racking paint on a large scale was the only choice there was if you were to make a difference to London Underground... Bunts, Belton, Auto K's, Japlac, Rubber Duck, Krylon, Model Spray, Underbody Seal, Auto Paint, Hycote, Home Styles, Decorative, Rust Not and Car Paint were the types of paint that were available... that's if you had the plots... paint plots were sometimes more secretive than ways into yards... just to let you know, every single piece of ours on tubes with Auto K and Belton was racked out of one shop for years...

'He once thought we took six small Auto K's, but really we took 36'

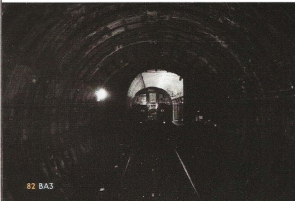
And if you really held down the plots for old stock and discontinued paint then Rustoleums, Old-Smooths, Cover Plus, U-Spray and Formula-U were hidden well from toys... some of them tins had such a heavy content of lead that they gave the best stains... so on top of inhaling all that was them filthy tunnels with years of dust, in our lungs... 95 saw the last blast of the old rolling stock of Big Mets... even certain Bunts could not handle those war-torn and spongy steel Big Met panels...

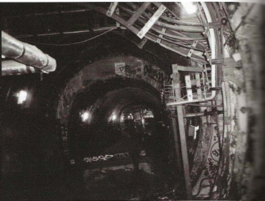
'You needed to give it 2-3 coats, otherwise after doing one coat, you'd turn back round after going to choose the next colour and the paint would have sunk in and disappeared'

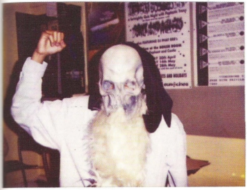
So it became standard to primer the panels first then start your outline... Ricky 5 was alive... Rusty Big Mets in technicolour, believe...

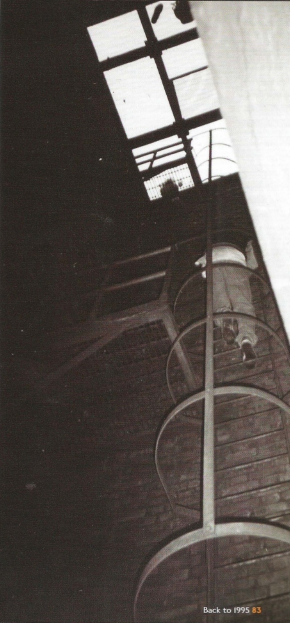
'most information was kept safe underground and shared among the honourable vandals, gate keepers and protectors of secret paths'

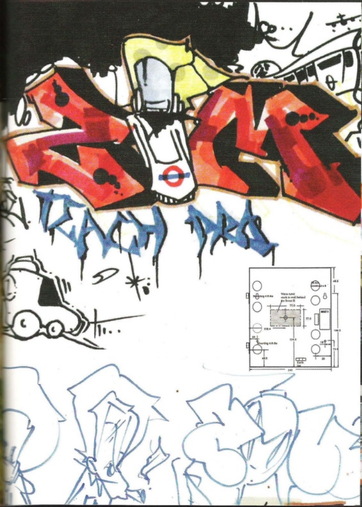
Due to CCTV "masking up" turned into a humorous part of it, when DDS built a large collection of masks and wigs... mastering disguises became the living joke... Graf Squad did their best to disrupt the movement... they was on our case... playing games... cat and mouse... raiding houses in hope for any information and clues that could lead to prosecution, and promotion was what they were so hungry for... personally I did feel a mutual respect for them and never hated them as an individual or for doing their job... both sides learnt a lot and gained knowledge of how graf writing affected society...










Mounting 4.8 dia
White label stuck to wall behind the Scout II
73.0
37.0
108.4
124.5
Mounting 4.8 dia
22
48.5
Earth tag
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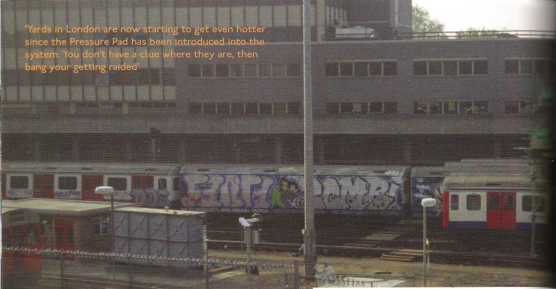
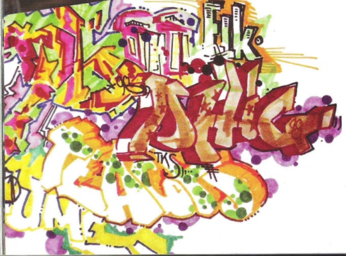
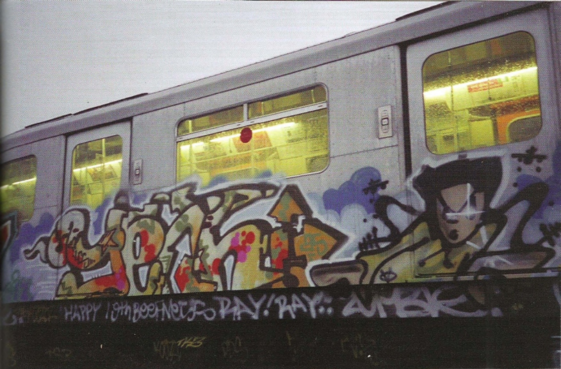
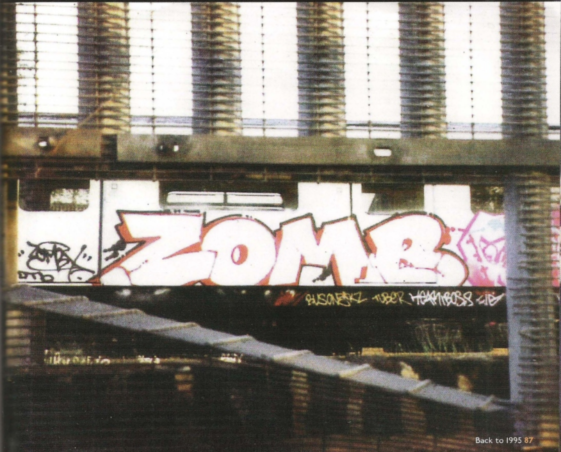
25
48.0
198.5
73.5



'Yards in London are now starting to get even hotter since the Pressure Pad has been introduced into the system. You don't have a clue where they are, then bang your getting raided'




HAPPY 10th
RAY! RAY::


ZOMB
TUBER

BOAST
FOREVER57
SUB SHUI FAUM72
KOOZA BUS 1
EMZ!
SOUNCO!

To change the subject… 95 saw a storm brew between London crews and the bumpkin world of wall writers… what started off as harmless fun turned into a messy dogging out war, a lot of mans got jacked and some hunting became, let's say a bloody battle… we were never really that interested in the Hall of Fame thing but we saw that anyone that got involved in this conflict and painted in London got dogged and it turned ugly… even writers from London that was down with bumpkins or in a bumpkin crew got dogged… nothing would last a day and painting in London became too expensive for legal heads so eventually it all died down… better for both sides of the track really… meaning we could get back into investing our time and free paint illegally… some may try to forget about the nightmares as it's all in the past now… but that is part of London Underground writing and the winners as you know make history…

Now ten years on and the internet, graf mags and videos have paved a new generation of writers ("Post Internet Writers") that have released footage and detailed descriptions on what has been sacred… nevertheless not all of the magic that graf has is lost…

'Yards in London are now starting to get even hotter since the pressure pad has been introduced into the system. You don't have a clue where they are, then bang your getting raided. And the helicopters too.'

…95 names like blud, yeah, kooza, zombie, donka, puto, neat, kof, pies, odd, mear, spank, rust, chop, shuto, sub, boast, store, ryt, slur, thor, bosh, ouch, idea, zonk, hear, namer, rogue, char, manik, hag, kons, siege, coe, sense, shore, sham 59, tubs, touch, funk, turn, mysto, much, kwiz, vens, plug, boms, able, kind, fuel, faum 72 to name a few…

It is important to know that before the existence of internet toy forums and paint companies sponsoring writers began, most writers and crews had their own style… now you look at most graf mags and there is endless amounts of biting… perfectly wack 70's retro pieces, hundreds of Seen look-a-likes… them Germans like Can 2 must be screwing, as biting has become standard and everyone is doing it… the graf world has become so saturated with commercial corruption that most writers are just too un-schooled and don't realise where anything comes from… reading graf publications and looking at a million pieces won't give you the soul and energy a true writer has… as long as you write for yourself and crew then you will always stand out from the writers that paint for say a couple of years and then bullshit saying they've been down since 80-whatever and start up a business selling shit…

'These people not even classed as toys know who they are. Sites like 12oz Prophet is where the losers hang out. Graphotism: no words for that shit. Now ask yourself? Are you a winner or a loser.'

Graf has now changed in the way that writing careers are short lived and writers buy their paint… people start and give up after a year or two, most toys want to shove their photos straight in a mag or make a worthless video that's hotting plots up with crap graf in it… it don't seem like they do it for the fun and adventure of it, if you're out there proper and love it for what it is you can get away with having no style… there's people that has done graf for about 8-years and still ain't improved much but it don't really matter because their heart is in the right place, they're bombers out there for life…

'Now ask yourself, Are you a winner or a loser?'

… so now there is only the "Dicky's" for which you can experience the magic quality of spraying Bunt on real steel… seeing it bubble and bond with that surface like super glue… now most lines have all new rolling stock carriages but I guess people have kinda evolved to what they now have… the Centrals are kinda shit to paint, they get left for the toys to do. BR's are still dry… graf doesn't get done as much as it used to, these days its all random and not as milly… when its done proper, wholecars still roll… the name Tox…
I say no more.

Text: Teach, Fume DD

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OLYMPIA

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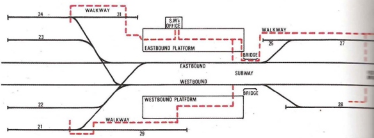
Fuel

Wish you were here...
A lost world manifest



PARSONS GREEN THE PLACE WHERE I LOVED TO DWELL.

I lived next to the Met. I could hear the first and last train.

As a child I was brought up with trains, my dad used to take me to a bridge over the tunnel mouth at Southfields. He would put me on his shoulders and I would wave at the trains as they went past, the drivers used to hoot. Brought up with awareness of the trains, I was being encouraged to acknowledge them.

More than just people carriers, as romanticised as Thomas the Tank Engine brought to life, each with personalities. Each one an individual. The old red flared Districts made out of wood, flared at the bottom and phased out during the late 70's to be replaced by the white c67 c69 rolling stock which we now look back on as being the single most sought after piece of moving canvas of the day.

Getting closer, getting older. Parsons was something I saw; the first tag I saw on a train was there... On the way to my Gran's, a white Lil Met layed up behind the platform on a Sunday afternoon with TRACKZ tags.

My First encounter was in 1986 with Bus. I told my Dad I was going out to paint a train and he thought I was just talking fancy. He told me about the live rail but we said we'd already planned it and we knew which rail was which. We were going to run off the edge of the platform and paint. One black spectra and a pentel.. Back again for sure...

1.30 AM any day. Rendez-vous arranged, a meeting of the like-minded at an hour which is sure to bring attention if sighted by the old bill. So naturally we used every darkened back alley available, keeping away from main roads like rats on the run. The tracks themselves became the vessel by which we came and went, offloading our emissions. A chain gang, we would sing a merry chant, fired up on free will:

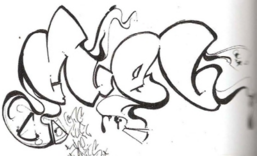
Hi ho, hi ho, it's off to the yard we go,
With pens and paint to bomb the trains,
Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho, hi ho.

Like a Negro spiritual, but the tracks had already been laid. Keeping to the timbers, pacing. The trains enveloped by fog, the red tail lights beckoning. The merry band of runts. Picture this, two Lil Mets poking out from the bushes between the silver birches, two onlookers eyeing up their prey in rapture. A dark starry night... Picture postcard layups... Wish you were here. From the corner of my eye emerges a number of uninvited intruders, disturbing this idyll, assuming the language of the writer but their body language spoke of the molester. The ultimate kill-joys. We thought it was a graf swat team; we couldn't believe what we were seeing, the whole yard getting swamped. Ducking down as they drew nearer we saw that they were speaking on radios. They moved through the whole lay-up real quiet, disappearing and re-grouping five minutes later. They left the way they came; quietly. A shiver in acknowledgement of their art, the art of capture.

After waiting twenty more minutes we decided to go in. A few hours later, a Yardies top-to by GANJA and SEE and a window down by myself, 'Soul Music'.

In the morning we had to chase the train to the buff. In those days there was a key left in a bush at the back door of the shed. If G is the pussy, Hammersmith is straight up the arse of the system. A key for the select few, something GRAND had managed to beg, borrow or steal. We went in and walked the aisles until we found one car, but it was right at the front. I was a little further down the aisle, SEE got his camera out and started to blaze a little bit.. Going out blazing hot. Two men came out from somewhere and said "Hello..." to SEE. Two undercovers had recognised him and called his name. I backed off unseen making my way to the back of the sheds quickly, crossing over to the little shed through trains parked end to end. The place was packed, a full shed. A full house.

After crossing the aisle I'm sighted and someone is on the scent. No sprints this was a maze, and at one point the dirty beast that was hunting me was so close I could hear his



breath. I'm cramped in at the front of the driver's carriage of a Lil Met, he's looking in but I can't see him. All I can hear is his breath.

He's gone again, I exhale... Level One complete.

Level Two. After I'm coming out of my lair I'm staying in the parapets where the under-carriages of the train are worked on. I move along underneath the guts and am taken by an awe-inspiring sight. Piles of buffed paint had fallen to create mountains.... Piles of pieces; maybe my last wholecar or one of many others. Forgive us our sins for we had trespassed, but the door was open and we had walked straight in, the key left by GRAND, the track-worker befriender, the rhino-whip dodger. That story's for later.

Level Two was a long and arduous journey, hunted. Back to sanity, got to get out the main shed. Squeezing between carriages, they're looking down the aisles. Trying to tune in to long lost animal instincts. I'm arriving at the little shed and find one train with the doors open and a track worker jacket, with a small pouch of tobacco. Donning the outfit of authority but not making a good go of it, a 16 year old track worker with an old roll-up in his hand - something doesn't look right. Then out of the blue some yard foreman asked me what my purpose was there.. "Hydraulics" I spluttered, "It's all about the hydraulics".

"Where's your pass?"...

I gave him the finger and said "Fuck off!". Making a bolt for Level Three.

I'm in the open now, with man voices. The usual "Cut him off at the front John!", you know. Two beasts come towards me from the right trying to cut me off. Making a break straight for the barbed wire and rolling through it sideways, landing on the other side on my knees...

Back on the line. Still haven't seen my piece though, must be running. Up to Moorgate and it's still doing laps round the circle; ROBBO and FOAM there. FOAM produces a camera and the wholecar gets flicked at Moorgate. This is how Parsons takes you on travels.

We made rat-runs in Parsons. Lay-up 22, my favourite train carriage that used to stick out with room to stand back, every night exactly the same. Safe as houses. Unaware of the molestation by the unwanted adults, the child molesters otherwise known as the graffiti squad. Was it a modern day Huckleberry? Rat-runs were made, rooftops were traversed. Painting til daylight on a Sunday mornings.

I DID IT COZ I HAD A LOCO MOTIVE

THE TRAINS CAN RUN BUT THEY CAN'T HIDE

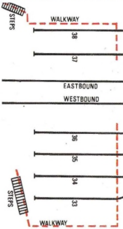
G Level One. Triangle Sidings. The Pum Pum. A long hard grine and that's what it was. Sunday afternoons: 8-10s, all-nighters. The "American" way... Why? Because it was what we'd seen in depictions of writers from across the sea. A whole lot of rock, a whole lot of steel entombed under the city. A Pandora's box. FOAM and I said prayers before we went in: FOAM praying to his god, me asking for forgiveness for I was about to trespass. Tightening laces in unison, shit it all out. I was a scruffy runt but a bedroom had no use, this was my home. G was a yard of kings. Savouring. Level One - rude interruption on the 2 side, next to the wall engrossed in the unfolding elaborate colour schemes.

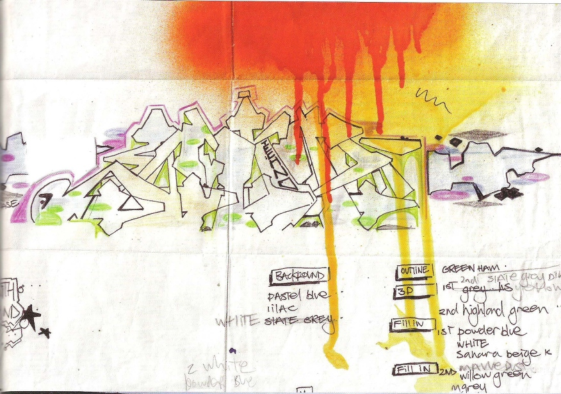
Twenty minutes gone by and you observe your reflection in the wet paint, the piece looking back at you. The noxious vapours of Belton, K- Spray, Hammerite and Buntlack producing their own heady concoction, all CFC's and high lead content guaranteed. The Humbrol, the famous Atlantis Blues. Writers to my left; it was because of these moments that we savoured, meditative moments of deep concentration. The headless adolescent, focused. We used to make traps, thrown together contraptions that would obstruct the Doctor Martined molester who would come and break up the party and cause the withdrawal from the pussy. An incomplete ejaculation.

Makeshift, scary beheaded omens, bits of wood tied together with old yard rope. Naive attempts to hinder and obstruct, an adolescent early warning system to alert us to oncoming danger. Pre-Blair Witch, this was Thatcher's reign. The first acknowledgement often came in the form of an "Oi! You're nicked!". A rude awakening.

Level Two. Running to the front, visual contact is made. It's either under or over the train. FOAM's prayers had gone unheeded, now our shoelaces must deliver us from evil. The thoughts of 7am porridge breakfast and the glib.

No comment,
no comment,
no comment.

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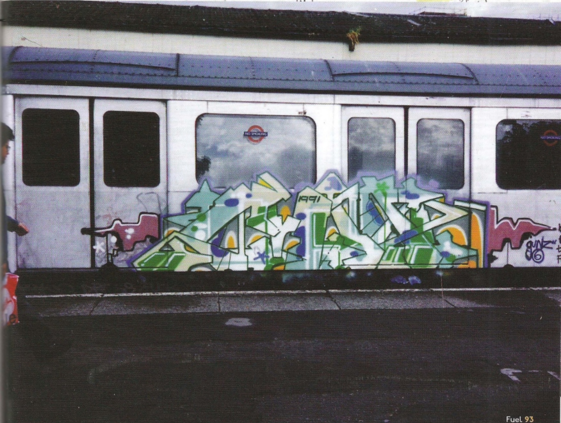
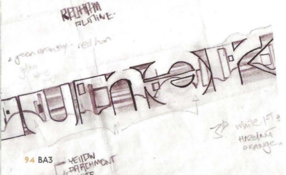

NO SMOKING
1991
GUNZ

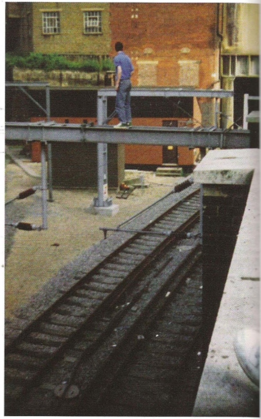
F They said it could never be done, but it came like a willing village virgin every time. Guaranteed offerings. A finely carved lay-up between deep storage meat houses and catacombs. Its own unique setting, providing a gladiatorial arena. People view from the galleries the spectacle that is F. I used to get on my bike and take a ride with a rucksack full of warm clothes. I'd sit on a rooftop, shooting stars would fall above and drop below the skyline. Vertiginous drops. A precipice with a view to the object of our desires. A shangri-la for writers who dare to play. F is gladiatorial, G is religious, Parsons is mother nature. Staking out the pit at F, many not in receipt of the full facts would shy away from such a contest in a heavy fortified, naturally hostile arena. It doesn't betray its vulnerabilities, there are many portals into the soft cell. The layer of velvet moss that lines the floor, a green carpet, welcoming any soldier willing to throw down with a steel giant. It was everything promised, a grown up fairy tale. Fantastical. These are the best stories and they sometimes come true... In the shape of F. Strobe lights, the drone of the four-four drumbeat. The affirmation of a hundred sweaty bodies, off their tits on crap E's.

These wharfs and warehouses from the 80's, turned over for the consumption of drug-fuelled dance music for the masses. These are meat markets but during the late 80's and early 90's this was hallowed ground, these were our haunts. Doors in tunnels led to dark labyrinths used for the purposes of storing meat. Cobwebs lined the route. Torches and candles provided light in places where the human presence had not been felt in years. Thoughts of mines and canaries, dangerous gases, chalk and string to find our way out of this thing. Where is this taking us? We boldly go on, no way back. CHERISH was the pathfinder, his deep knowledge illuminating the route. On going deeper into the cipher, we're met by a door with a round handle, a turning wheel like that of an industrial freezer. The gravity of the metal pulling us. Some have spoken about the lion, the witch and the war zone. This is it. I still dream about this parallel space. Everything was pointing us in this direction. This is the underbelly of the beast. For the next year or two, equipped with this knowledge, soldiers filed through these corridors earning their stripes. A London thing.

The first underground railway in the world. New ghosts haunting its chambers equipped with ladders, lying in wait, safe in the knowledge, high on anticipation of the turning of the handle and the smooth entry into a mossy green carpet. An easy passage into the soft cell, evading the razor-wire teeth and the unblinking eye of the CCTV camera.

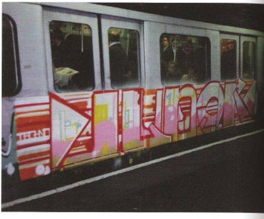
Boom ba boom ba boom ba, the four-four beat goes on.





> 'F is gladiatorial,
> G is religious,
> Parsons is mother nature'

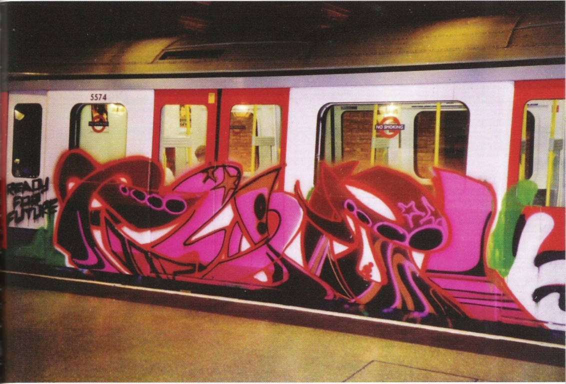
These spaces have passed into history and now all that remains is a dance floor. The days of lantern bearing craftsmen are no more, in its place a strobe-light and a thousand broken pieces. It was the bosom, a place of refuge, forever with a plentiful supply of cream. The creme de la creme.

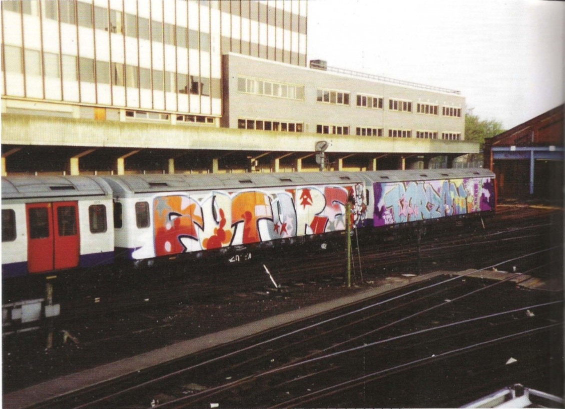


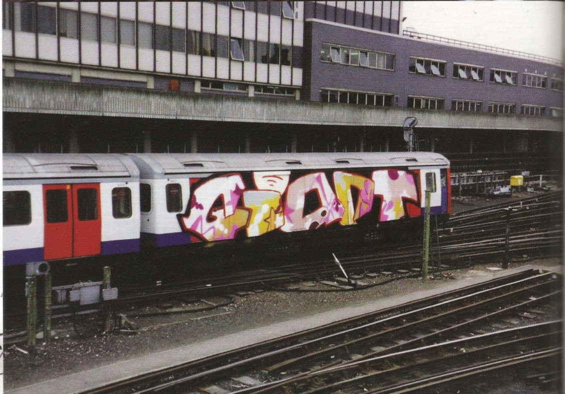
There's a light coming towards me. It was told to me in a dream years ago and only now can I understand the true wisdom of those symbols and the power of vision. The knowledge of what's ahead enthrals me.

†

The darkness of days if we'd never have played, I am so proud I found something like you. Wishing you were here, it's a beautiful feeling knowing you're there.







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